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# REVIEW DIRECTORY

We express our sincere appreciation to these business men who have, by their advertising in our Year Book, enabled us to make it a financial success.

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# Frontispiece



## A NEW SCHOOL SONG

(To the tune of "Calgary")

Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights  
Whose honor we now claim;  
Ours to keep, free from blame,  
Fair play is our aim.

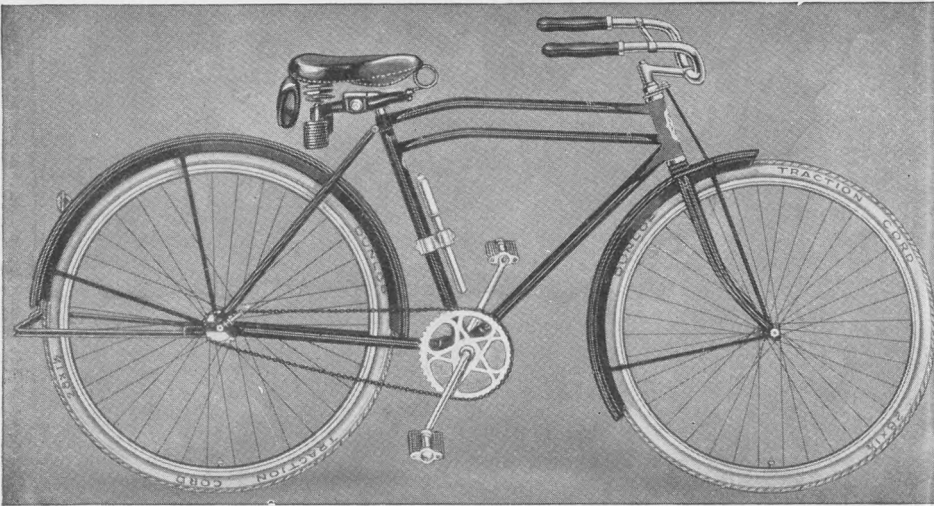
Crescent Heights, Crescent Heights,  
Loyal we will be;  
C.H.C.I. Crescents! Rah!  
It means so much to me.

—G. M. T.



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## DEFEAT

No one is beat till he quits,  
No one is through till he stops,  
No matter how hard Failure hits,  
No matter how often he drops,  
A fellow's not down till he lies  
In the dust and refuses to rise.

Fate can slam him and bang him around,  
And batter his frame till he's sore,  
But she never can say that he's downed  
While he holds up serenely for more;  
A fellow's not dead till he dies,  
Nor beat till no longer he tries.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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SINGING, PUBLIC SPEAKING, ELOCUTION  
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616 - 15TH AVE. N. E.

Present Heights High School



W. E. FRAME, M.A.

This volume of the "Bugle" is respectfully dedicated to Mr. W. E. Frame, M.A. Mr. Frame was a valued member of the C.H.C.I. staff and a close friend to all who came in contact with him.

We congratulate Mr. Frame on his recent appointment to the Inspectorate, and wish him every possible success in his new capacity.



CHCI. BUGLE - STAFF - 1928-29



DAISY WRAY



HARRY FERNS



J. OBERHOLTZER



DWIGHT POWELL



CONNIE CARTER



H. MATHESON



M. BOUNDY



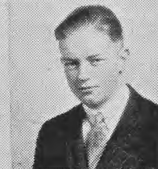
M. MCCALLUM



M. MCLEAN



S. FERGUSON



MAX MARTIN

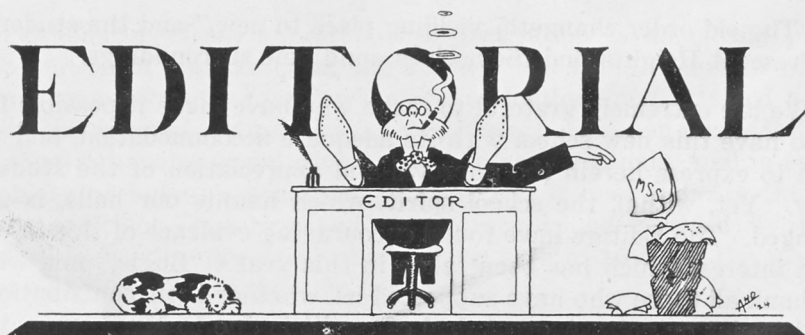


JACK INSLEY



G. AUSTIN





### THE "BUGLE" STAFF

---

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#### Associate Editors

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HARRY FERNS, XA

MURRAY MacLEAN, XIIC

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JACK INSLEY, XIIA

GUY AUSTIN, XIB

## EDITORIAL

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and the students of Crescent Heights find themselves amid new surroundings.

We are extremely grateful to those who have made it possible for us to have this new school with its adequate accommodation, and we wish to express herein the approval and appreciation of the student body. Yet, withal, the school spirit, which haunts our halls, is unchanged. The Editors have found encouraging evidence of this in the keen interest which has been taken in this year's "Bugle," and wish to thank all those who have supported us, whether their contributions are in print or not. A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Laurie, the Supervising Editor, without whom we could not have succeeded.

You will have noticed that, contrary to our custom, the cover design is the same as it was last year. We have decided to adopt a permanent cover design by which the "Bugle" will be known and recognized. You will agree that this is an important matter and that serious thought should be given to the decision. Next year the competition for the cover design will be stressed and an especially good prize awarded to the winner. In the meantime we are using last year's design.

The "Bugle" now passes into your hands. You are the final judges and we hope that you will be satisfied. We have done our best to make it as interesting as possible. We believe that it embodies the spirit of C.H.C.I.

It is to be cherished as a souvenir of the happy days spent there. In the years to come each page will recall some interesting event, bring back an old friend, or renew the thrill of a championship game.

We, who are about to graduate, are just beginning to realize how much we shall miss all the school activities which, up to this time, we have more or less taken for granted. We see Rugby, Hockey, Baseball, Basketball, Field Day, the Literary Society, the Orchestra, School Debates, and the Annual Banquet, fading into the past. Nevertheless we find abundant recompense as we look forward to the rosy adventures of the future and brace ourselves in the strength of youthful confidence to withstand the shocks which we shall receive in the battle of life.

We who are leaving Crescent Heights forever, challenge you, her Junior pupils, to carry on her activities, her traditions and her spirit. We leave in your hands the trust of making C.H.C.I. a better, finer institution.

Play up! play up! and play the game!


Muriel Boundy—XIIA.

## CRESCENT HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL

Graduating from an established institution is an official public recognition of the fact that the student has fulfilled certain educational requirements, passed certain examinations and attained a certain professional competency. Of course it does not mean that all graduates have an equal education, have passed equally well in examinations or have an equal competency, but it does indicate that all have sufficient education and competency to be certified by their School as worthy representatives of the kind of training the institution is giving in their specific field.

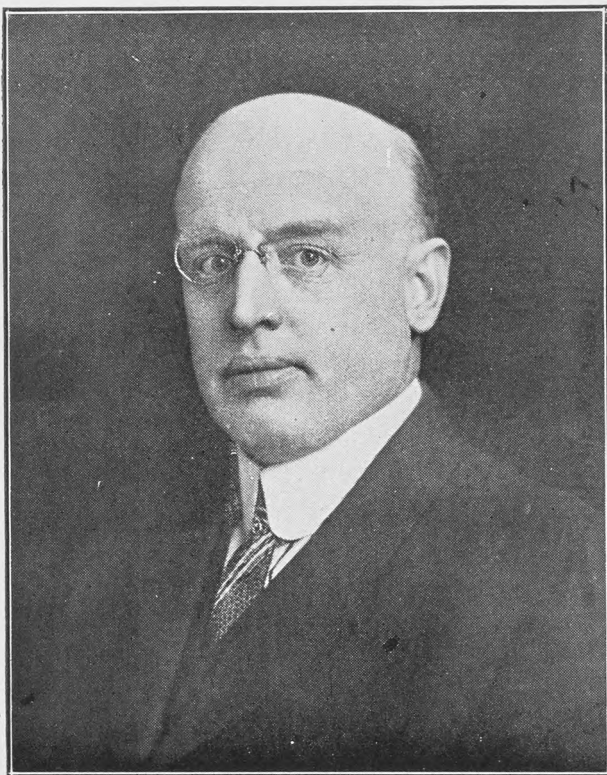
Graduation is not the goal but the beginning of the race. The graduate is supposed to be equipped to face the problems that will come his way in life. This requires more than educational competency. It requires personality, ambition and enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm makes many a hard job easy. The one who is always questioning his ability or fearing the greatness of the task before him, is handicapped at the very beginning. No matter what the task, set about it with vim and energy.

 Be ambitious. We must do little things before we attempt the greater. That is true. But there is no great future to the young man or young woman who is content with the smaller affairs of life and takes no thought of the higher or greater matters. Earning a living is surely not all there is in life.

Let every graduate of Crescent Heights High School bear in mind that one of the elements in real success is the development of a distinctive personality. It is true that success stimulates personal growth, but on the other hand, no great success can be attained by anyone unless he has a fine personality, in other words, unless there is growth of soul as well as knowledge and skill in work. In this machine-mad period of human existence we are apt to forget that the farther away we get from the machine in our work, the more humanity, the more of our own personality we put into it, the more we ourselves will grow and make ourselves effective.

Your last three years have demanded your entire attention to your studies; you have had little time for anything else. Your course has been crowded with study. You have needed every minute to cover your work conscientiously. Your reading has been largely professional. Now when you take up life's duties, you are going to find that while there are periods of great stress, perhaps greater than you have hitherto experienced, there will be also lulls when your



W. ABERHART, B.A.  
*"Our Principal"*



hands and your minds will be idle. The way in which you utilize these periods of partial relaxation for your own development will determine more than anything else in the world whether you give that service which will ultimately bring you success. If you are to give high service to others, and if you are to develop yourselves to be happy in times of idleness, to be contented under hardships, to be satisfied as old age approaches, you must have something besides professional training.

Opportunities for self advancement do not, as a rule, come in long periods at a time in a busy life. They consist mostly of little hours in between. They may be at morning, noon or night. Many persons never learn the trick of doing something worthwhile in fragments of time. In order to utilize our odd minutes to best advantage, we should not have to decide each time what we shall do during the minute, or we shall spend most of our time deciding. The remedy for this is the possession of a hobby which we may mount instantly and be off without hesitation. What people have been able to accomplish as a hobby! A blacksmith in smoky Pittsburg became a noted Astronomer. A Burlington, Iowa, grocer became a great Paleontologist. An ordinary housewife in a small village in Ohio became an Authority on Insects. A Grade School Teacher in a crowded tenement district in New York City is a widely read writer on birds.

Listen, Crescent Heights Students, this is the first year in the New School. As such, the graduates of this year have a peculiar opportunity for special honors.

Your Principal wishes you, one and all, the best of success.

William Aberhart, Principal.



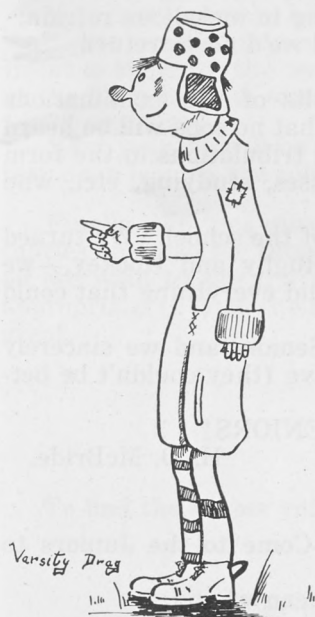
## OUR SCHOOL HISTORY

(By J. D. Ferguson)

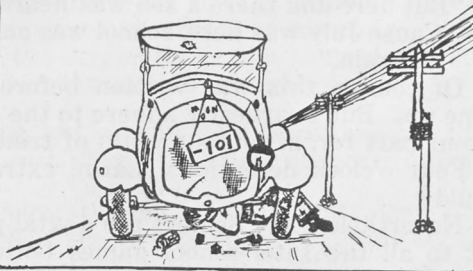
For the origin of the present Crescent Heights High School we go back to the year 1913, when a separate High school unit was established in East Calgary in the Alexandra school, under the principalship of Mr. French, with two assistants. From here it was transferred to King George school for a few months in 1914. In September of the same year it again moved to Stanley Jones school with Mr. Dolan as principal, and five assistants. The following year it was transferred to Balmoral school with Mr. Aberhart in charge, and nine assistants. It was here that it assumed its present name of "Crescent Heights High School" and here its wanderings ceased during the period 1915 to the beginning of 1929. In this interval no fewer than forty-four teachers have served on the staff. The majority of these have been enticed away by more lucrative offers in other centres.

Of the present staff only two have seen continuous service since 1915—Principal Aberhart and J. D. Ferguson. The remaining members joined the staff in the following order: Miss McKellar, Miss Todd, E. Smith, P. Brecken, Miss Giles, Miss Wylie, C. V. Asselstine, M. L. Watts, W. T. Watts, J. L. Laurie, R. S. MacLeod, G. F. Hollinshead, Miss Beveridge, Mrs. Hill, H. E. McFaul, Miss Hobbs, Miss Field and H. G. Beacom.

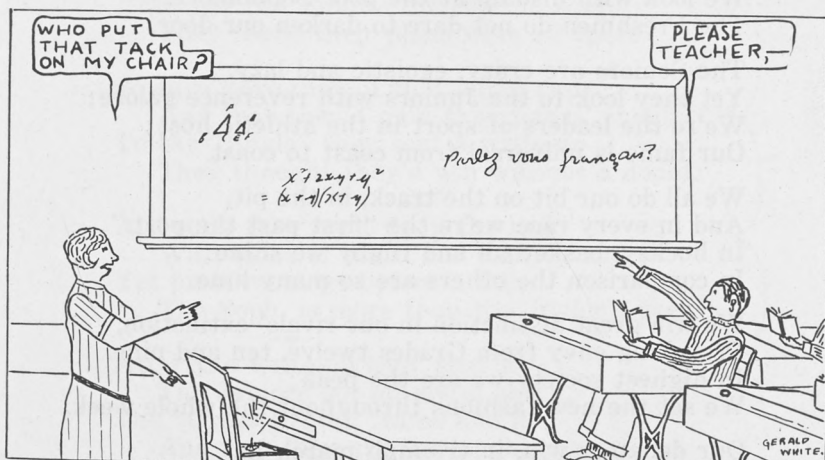
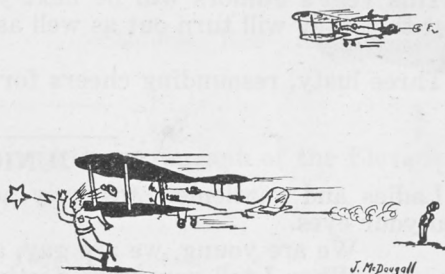
January 7th, 1929, was a red letter day in the history of our school for it marked the opening of the new Crescent Heights High School. Sixteen years of anticipation had prepared us for fully appreciating the advantages of this present and permanent educational home. It is interesting to note that on the opening date eighteen of the possible twenty-one class rooms were occupied and there is no doubt that September, 1929, will find us with a capacity house.



Get out and get under the Moon.



These things give me a pain in the neck.



TEACHER: "WHO PUT THAT TACK ON MY CHAIR?"

ED. LEWIS: "PLEASE TEACHER, —"

TEACHER: "YES, EDWIN, WHO DID IT?"

ED. LEWIS: "I DON'T KNOW"

### THE SENIORS

With many loud whoops and hurrahs, the Seniors will come rushing out of the seven doors of the school at the end of June; along with chattering, "freshies," happy "Sophs" and chortling "Juniors."

"But here and there a sob was heard, rising in melodious refrain,  
'Cause July was here, school was out, and we'd never return again."

Of course, this was written before results of the examinations come up. But I earnestly adhere to the fact that no sobs will be heard on our part for, after four years of trials and tribulations in the form of Four o'clock detentions, Latin, extra classes, studying, etc., who would?

Nevertheless the Seniors are a vital part of the school. We turned out to all the Inter-school games both to Rugby and Hockey,—we attended all social functions, and, in fact we did everything that could be expected of good students.

This year's Juniors will be next year's Seniors and we sincerely trust that they will turn out as well as we have (they couldn't be better).

Three lusty, resounding cheers for the SENIORS!

H. D. McBride.

### THE JUNIORS

Ladies and gentlemen, take my advice—Come to the Juniors to open your eyes.

We are young, we are gay, and I mean what I say  
When I tell you we're destined to rise  
We look with disdain at the poor Sophomore,  
The Freshmen do not dare to darken our door.

The Seniors are crazy, egoistic and lazy,  
Yet they look to the Juniors with reverence galore;  
We're the leaders of sport in the athletic host;  
Our fame is universal from coast to coast.

We all do our bit on the track, in the pit,  
And in every race we're the "first past the post."  
In hockey, basketball and rugby we shine;  
In comparison the others are so many kine.

We win great distinction in our rivals' extinction,  
Provoking envy from Grades twelve, ten and nine.  
In highest society we are the peak;  
We set the new fashions throughout the whole week.

Our debators win, in triumph march in,  
Subdue their opponents and leave them quite meek.  
We all love our country and for it we'd die,  
We honor the flag that is waving on high;

Yet all being confes't, what we really love best  
Is our beautiful High School of C.H.C.I.

Jack Lewis—XIA.

## S-O-P-H-O-M-O-R-E-S

Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Well, gang, we are here again with a big rush as usual. What are we? We are the tens without whom no school is complete. Why? Because they are the leaders, the originators. We showed our stuff at the old school, so watch our smoke at the new school.

Next year we will be Juniors, but we will shed more than one little tear upon leaving the soothing restfulness (?) of our respective rooms.

Finally, the tens must be congratulated for their marvellous mentalities and also for their excellent showing in sports. Before signing off we wish to say that a vote of thanks to the tens would be very appropriate (??) as their interest in all school activities has been very great.

Stanley "Red" Knight—XC.

To find the proper reference read the paragraph of the Elevens

## A REFUTATION

Oh yes, they made us feel very meek!

Well, we are quite a modest set;

Although the Juniors the cup did seek,

They found their plans were all upset.

So sure were they of that silver cup,

And that they'd gain the victors' shout,

To the "Bugle" they sent a write-up—

They thought they'd win without a doubt.

Although they meet us in the hall,

With looks of scorn and many a sneer,

Yet pride must go before a fall;

The Soph. is more than the Junior's peer.

After the write-up they sent in

The Juniors got an awful shock,

The "Great Debate" came a la fin,

And now they are the laughing stock.

In my conclusion I will say,

This good advice let the Juniors watch:

"Don't prematurely your pride display,

Don't count your chickens before they hatch."

The Spirit of the Tens.



---

### IX's

Weel, here are we—the Nines! We may lack certain of the savoir faire of the Twelves; we may lack some of the arrogance of the elevated Elevens; we do not reach the lofty intellectual pedestal of the Tens, but we are at the bottom. That's where one always finds the foundation which supports the entire structure. It's quite a responsibility to be the Nines and we don't wonder old Atlas tried to persuade Hercules to bear up the world for awhile.

This year, too, we lack the inspiration of co-education—in short—the sheep are separated from the goats, (draw your own conclusions), but, after all, that has decided advantages.

We are the first Nines in the new school and it looks as if it was up to us to set a shining example that all others may follow to advantage—Just look us over and take a few tips.





## In Memoriam

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JESSIE MacPHERSON

Grade XIIC.



### ALBERTA SUNSET

The sun is sinking in the west,  
The sky is blushing rose;  
This is the time that I love best,  
When day draws to a close.

She bathes the stately mountains  
With red and blue gold haze,  
Her soul pours forth a fountain  
Of dancing, shimmering rays.

Her fading beams like beacons  
Radiate the Western skies,  
And herald,—Welcome! Welcome!  
As Lady Moon mounts high.

With rosy glowing lips  
She kisses the mountain tips,  
And on its snowy breast  
In peace she sinks to rest.

Ivy Bentley—XC.

---

### SCHOOL PERIODS

Sweet maid!  
I have no song to leave you,  
No lark could carol in periods like these;  
No whispered word of consolation greets you.  
You cannot laugh;  
You dare not sneeze!  
Sweet maid,—What periods are these ! ! !

Ivy Bentley—XC.

---

### ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

The sun came up through the morning mists and presently scattered them aside, leaving but a few wisps floating about. Soon these disappeared with the increasing heat, and another day began.

The hangar doors were drawn back and the men greeted the new day with satisfaction. The past week had been so "beastly" and now all was fine.

The pilots awoke with the noise, and rose to find their planes run out into the bright sunshine. Soon a cluster of mechanics were working hard on the machines, tightening up loose wires, fixing bolts and going carefully over the motors.

While all this was being done, the men who were to go out on the morning patrol were having breakfast. As soon as this was finished,

they too went out to their respective machines and superintended the tuning up that was going on.

In half an hour all was ready and the pilots climbed into the cockpits. Carefully they looked over every detail. Had they a full tank? a full supply of "ammo?" a full ration of oil? Yes, everything was O.K.

"Contact." The ten motors broke into a roar. Slowly the planes began to move across the field until they were facing the slight breeze. Then one gathered up speed and took off. Then another and another, and soon all were in the air. Higher and higher they climbed; the squadron leader took his position in the lead and off the whole ten planes sailed in V formation. Farther and farther—until they were mere specks in the rising sun!

After half an hour's flying, the trenches spread out beneath them, mere zig-zag lines on a scar-slashed table. Dozens of small white puffs below told them of a heavy German bombardment that was going on. The Huns were breaking through. Ludendorf was smashing the Allies.

Suddenly a cloud of Fokker D-7's burst upon them from above. Instantly the air was filled with Spads, Fokkers, bullets and the roar of two dozen motors. The fight grew warmer, the German pilots kept pressing; two Fokker Triplanes dived from the sun to aid them. If their troops on the ground were going to break through, they must have command of the air, and these Huns certainly fought as if they meant to have it. The Spads were as determined that they would not, and, in ten minutes seven planes had crashed in flames, four Huns, three Britishers. Again the Germans were reinforced by more machines of the Maltese Cross, and in half an hour there were but three Fokkers and two Spads left.

Five minutes more and two Spads and two Fokkers remained. In sixty seconds there was one Spad, with an exhausted pilot. The plane was full of bullet holes, but nothing of importance had been touched.

"With our backs to the wall," his infantry were fighting a losing fight. He must aid them. How? Then an idea struck him. Down he dived. The earth seemed to rush up to meet him with ever-increasing speed. The roar of his motor almost deafened him.

The attack was now spread out before his eyes and pulling back on his stick, he flattened out. His twin Vickers spat fire through the propeller and the German infantrymen went down in heaps. Up the Spad zoomed, looped and then repeated the performance. The attack in that sector wavered. In the face of this new danger it seemed foolhardy to advance. The Huns broke and flattened themselves to the ground. The Tommies cheered their airman with enthusiasm.

The Spad climbed again, and then diving, swept over the German trenches with a hail of lead; but this time they were ready for him. A machine gun from below poured fire and the bullets traced a seam along the underbody of the plane. The nose wavered and the pilot slumped over in his seat with blood gushing from his mouth and nose. The controls flapped listlessly and the Spad dipped, the landing carriage struck the ground and the whole plane tipped forward. The wings splintered. A thin trail of smoke began to rise from the wreck.

(The end.)

M. P. Martyn—XA.

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## MASONRY

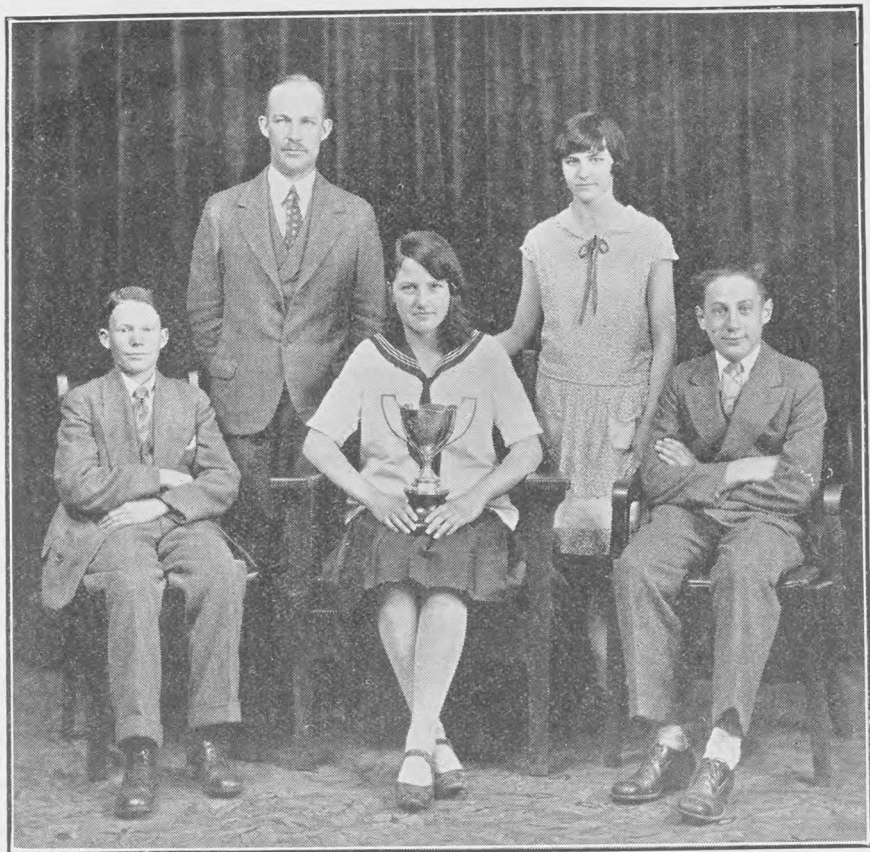
A Grade IXE boy was asked to write an essay on Masonry, and here is what he wrote:

King Solomon was a man who lived so many years in the country that he was the whole push. He was an awfully wise man, and one day two women came to him, each holding to the leg of a baby and nearly pulling it in two, and each claiming it. And King Solomon wasn't feeling right good and he said: "Why couldn't the brat have been twins and stopped this bother?" And then he called for his machete and was going to weylerize the poor innocent little baby, and give each woman a piece of it, when the real mother of the baby said: "Stop, Solomon; stay thy hand. Let the old hog have it. If I can't have a whole baby, I won't have any." Then Solomon told her to take the baby and go home and wash its face, for he knew it was hers. He told the other woman to go chase herself.

King Solomon built Solomon's Temple, and was the father of Masons. He had seven hundred wives and three hundred lady friends, and that's why there are so many Masons in the world. My father says King Solomon was a warm member, and I think he was hot stuff myself. That's all I know about King Solomon.

F. Alison Brownie—XIIB.





### OSBORNE CUP DEBATES

This year much interest centred about the Osborne Cup Debates. At the beginning there was a full entry from the four Tens, four Elevens and three Twelves. XB, however, was unable to enter the two teams necessary and was forced to default to XD.

The subject for the first round, February 7th — "Resolved that Radio instructions should be introduced into the schools," brought XIIA, XIIB, XIA, XIB, XA, XD into the second round.

The winners of the second round were XIIA, XIB and XA. The subject for this round was: "Resolved that Education is a greater contribution to World Peace than Reduction of Armaments."

XIB drew the bye and the battle of words between XIIA and XA resulted in a victory for XA.

It was now decided to hold the final debate in connection with the Hi-y annual concert. Accordingly Catherine Frost and Margaret Mc-

Arthur, of XA clashed with Leslie Phelps and Arthur Cook, XIB, in the Assembly Hall, April 12th.

The subject chosen for the final debate was: "Resolved that the Installment System of Buying is a Menace to Society." XA upheld the affirmative and in a most interesting and well-prepared debate, defeated their opponents.

Much credit we feel is due the XA teams, Catherine Frost and Margaret McArthur, Gordon Butterwick and Theodore Gibson.

We wish to extend our thanks, too, to Miss Giles, whose untiring efforts made the 1929 debates such a success.

---

### THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE SCHOOL ROOM

1. Thou shalt not draw pictures in thy books, nor the likeness of anything that strikes thee to be funny, nor the likeness of a fair damsel, such as your teacher. Thou should'st not spend too much time in this way, for the teacher, thy guide and comfort, is a crab and will request the honour of your presence after school if thou art caught.
2. Thou shalt not snore in class, for bear in mind that thou mayest disturb the slumbers of thy neighbour, and perhaps those of thy benevolent friend, the teacher.
3. Remember that thou shalt keep in mind thy homework. All day shalt thou sleep and enrage thy teacher, but at eventide must thou sweat and toil o'er homework.
4. Honour thy teacher and his cane; that thy days may be long and spent in blissful slumber in the room, not in the office.
5. Thou shalt do no chewing of gum, nor sticking of it on fresh varnished seats.
6. Thou shalt not copy homework, nor in any like manner be so deceitful to thine aid and benefactor, the teacher.
7. Thou shalt not sling paper wads.
8. Thou shalt not squeal on thy neighbour when he is in danger of writing lines.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's girl; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's pen, nor his pencil, nor his brains, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.
10. Thou shalt worship none other than thy teacher.

Jack Stickle—XID.

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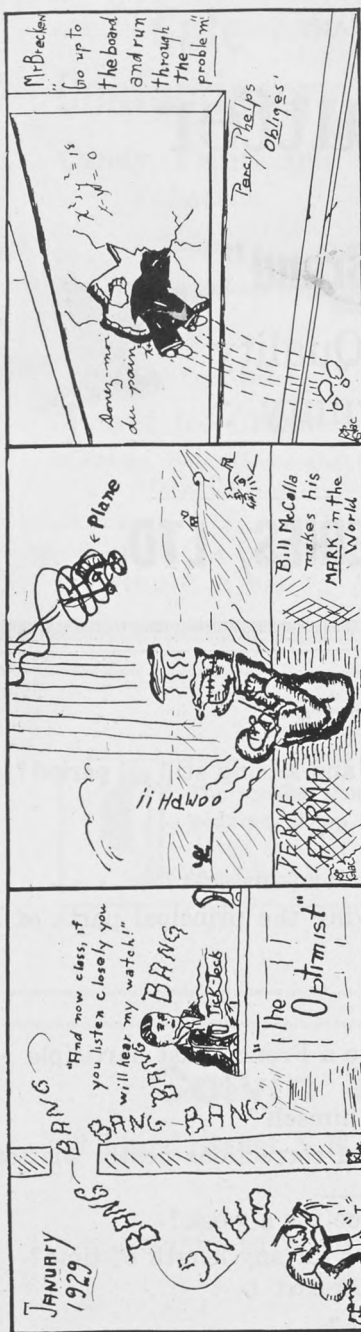
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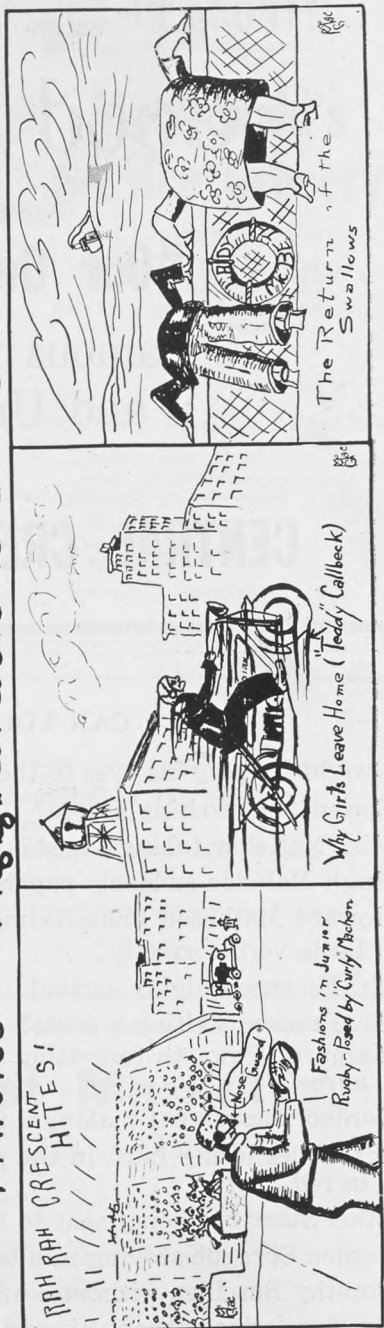
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## CAN YOU IMAGINE

Dwight keeping his eyes to the front and sitting still all period?  
 Sprouty not writing a note?  
 Miss McKellar taking a rest?  
 Hugh McBride suddenly popping up out of his seat?  
 Howard Matheson unhesitatingly giving the principal parts of a  
 Latin verb correctly?  
 Mr. Ferguson highly excited?  
 Mr. Brecken writing a poem?  
 Margaret Howarth forgetting to make a French past participle  
 agree?  
 Gordon Machon not making a fool of himself?  
 Miss Giles losing faith in the power of corrections neatly written  
 in red ink?  
 Ethel Starr not being sent to the office for a week?  
 Gordon Sprague staying in a back seat for any length of time?  
 Dorothy Buschlen without a mirror?  
 Mr. Asselstine without his girl friends?  
 Teddy Callbeck without his hair marcelled?



# CHCI Antics - Aggravations and Otherwise ~ Men





### ORATORICAL CONTEST IN CRESCENT HEIGHTS

Much interest was kindled in the battle of tongue and rhetoric between Muriel Boundy of XIIA, and Jack Lewis of XIA, in the annual school oratorical contest.

Both contestants delivered their addresses with force and sincerity. Muriel Boundy was considered to have the better diction of the two, but Jack Lewis, although closely contesting her in this respect, won by a small margin of points due to the emphatic composition of his material.

The size of the Central Church Auditorium, coupled with the fact that his voice is low in pitch, prevented Lewis from distinctly reaching his hearers, in the City finals, yet again his force and uniform superiority of composition won for him second place — A no mean tribute to his eloquence.

Let us hope that a new head will contest the Crown of Speech with Jack next year, that we may show that Crescent Heights can win—not second—but first place.

## THE SECOND CHANCE

Just below the hill an old trail branched off to the north!  
"Was this the way the fugitive had gone?"

They wondered.

The snow was falling and they knew that by this time his tracks would have been blotted out. From the knoll where they stood they could see for miles around. No clue; nothing but that broad expanse of lonely, snow-covered prairie, dotted here and there with a solitary pine. The dusk was falling fast, and the winter day would soon end.

Somewhere in that vast white expanse was a young man fleeing from the grips of the law. How Travers longed to have the good luck to capture the fugitive! It would mean, he knew, a promotion in the Mounted Police for him. He would be able to have a home of his own instead of living at the barracks. He could . . .

"Look here, Travers," the chief, Maton, had broken the silence. "We will have to trust to luck. I'll follow this path and you follow the old trail at the bottom of the hill. You have a compass?—Good. If you get your man, handcuff him, set him up behind you, and get back to Simcoe as fast as that horse can run."

Travers nodded in assent. These stern men of the north did not waste words in their decisions. He turned his horse and started down the knoll, following the old wagon trail.

Surrounding him was the vast, quiet prairie and the snow, falling silently. Night was overtaking him, and he urged his horse on to a faster pace.

For nearly two hours he pushed on with no sign of the fugitive. He began to despair. He was cold, hungry and tired, and the horse was overcome with weariness.

At last he drew up, and shading his eyes, peered into the dusk. Suddenly, he started up in the saddle. In the distance, in the direction of the river, he caught the gleam of a campfire. Who could be camping out tonight? A suspicion flashed through his mind.

He galloped across the prairie, gradually drawing nearer the fire. At last he could distinguish the crouching figure of a man.

At the sound of the hoofs the man by the fire started up, and Travers, drawing closer, recognized the man whom he sought.

A pitiful figure, the young fellow made, standing in the firelight, the flames casting a ruddy hue on his thin face. He was leaning against a tree, and something in his face reminded Travers of—of—it was aggravating not to remember. Ah! He had it—Sir Galahad. He rebuked himself. A criminal with a likeness to the noble figure of that pure knight—impossible. But he could not get rid of the thought.

The fugitive had recognized the scarlet coat, the badge of the northern law, and, as Travers cantered up, straightened up and came forward.

"I reckon it's me you want," he said.

"Yes," answered Travers, dismounting and walking over to the fire where he stood warming his hands. He caught sight of a funny form lying on a blanket near the fire.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to it.

The boy looked up sharply.

"It's—it's . . . he faltered.

"What is it?" repeated the "Mountie" sternly.

"It's a rabbit, sir,—I found it with a broken leg—I couldn't leave it, sir,—I'm kinda fond of animals, so I've fixed it up an' made it comfortable. It was so cold and thin, sir," he finished up apologetically.

The policeman was amazed.

"You had a pretty good chance to get away, youngster, and you stopped to fix up—a rabbit." There was plain contempt in his tone.

Instantly the boy's timidity vanished.

"It may be only a rabbit, sir, but I couldn't leave it alone to die."

Travers grew more amazed every moment. He sat down deliberately lighting his pipe. For a long time he sat, staring into the fire.

The boy was bending over the wounded animal.

"Sissy!—molycoddle!" thought Travers—but it was not very convincing. Why did he keep thinking that Galahad idea? He was no sentimentalist. He prided himself on that point. This was a new kind of criminal—not the hard-faced sinister man of his experience.

The boy had risen and was standing in front of the fire. The fire-light played on his drawn white face. Travers fancied he caught a glint of moisture in his eyes.

"It's dead," said the boy. His voice broke, and he turned away.

Something happened to Travers as he stared at the boy crying because the little animal had died.

Travers rose.

"Take my horse, and go as fast as you can—Sonny!"

The boy stared at him in amazement.

"What?—Why?"

"Hurry," was all that Travers said.

"I don't understand, sir. You're after me, you've seen what a weakling I am . . ."

"Weakling, nothing!" He went over to the boy and laid his hand on his shoulder. "You're the makings of one of the finest men Canada has known."

"Sir, I want you to know the reason I took the money. I . . ."

"Never mind that now. You had some good reason, I know. Get on that horse, and ride!"

Silently they shook hands and a moment later the figure on the horse was lost in the gloom.

The next morning Travers reported back at the barracks.

"I saw no criminal," he said. And he knew his report was true.

Anne Huntington—XD.

### HOW TO SHAVE

"Now hearken all ye Juniors, and listen while I rave,  
A fully-bearded Senior will tell you how to shave."

The art of shaving requires both skill and precision:

Arise from bed, rush madly into the bathroom, make flying tackle on shaving implements (Father's will do if you have none of your own). Now, fill the sink full of water. Dip brush and soap in. Drop soap on floor and search for it under bathtub. On recovery, bump head on something and curse violently in Latin, French, Greek, or broken English (as vocabulary permits). Now, listen feverishly for Father's footsteps while working up lather. Swab lather on face, being careful to get it in your eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. Now, grab a towel and wipe soap out of undesired spots. Make a pass for the razor. After gaining this implement, drag it over the face a dozen or so times performing various contortions. Repeat this again and again until all traces of fuzz disappear. Stare at self in glass and wonder what Father would do if he caught you. After courtplastering all cuts on the besieged area, wipe all the lather from woodwork, and wall. Now, gaze on the lather, and with the greatest precaution you may discover a few microscopic particles of fuzz. Don't bother to remove signs of the conflict—let Father do it. Lastly, pounce on books and rush off to school. Be sure to stand close to the teachers to show off the remarkable results.

H. D. McBride—XIIA.

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### MY IMPRESSIONS OF HOCKEY

Hockey, the outstanding national game of Canada, is a combination of football, golf, soccer, prize-fighting, tug-of-war, and various battles we read of during the Great War.

It is a crime wave on a slippery surface, commonly known as ice.

If one man dashes into another on a slippery street, knocks him down and bashes him between the eyes with a crooked stick, it is unpremeditated assault. If one man dashes into another, knocks him down and bashes him between the eyes with a crooked stick in a rink, it's first class hockey.

Sport enthusiasts who like their thrills served fresh every second and who consider any sport dull when any of the contestants are in an upright position, have found what they ordered. Here, at least, is a game played where every contestant is in the act of falling through space.

It is a game played between two teams of six men each. More of whom cares a rap for his physical future. It is played with a small rubber heel, the aim of each team being to deliver it into a cage guarded by a youth whose parents evidently never gave him any good advice.

When it is time for the game to begin, the referee skates to the centre of the ice and blows a whistle. This is a signal to all physicians, nurses and internes to get ready for business. He then drops the rubber heel and flees for his life. The rubber heel then suddenly



becomes very popular and is immediately battled for by the opposing team on the theory of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a fracture for a try at the goal cage. During the carnage, the business individual in the arena is the goaltender, who is dressed like a man in a Michelin tire advertisement, and who has to stop more missiles than the City of Rheims stopped German shells.

After the end of the final period the surgeons examine the goaltenders. The game is awarded to the side whose goaltender has the best chance for recovery.

—Hazel Breakenridge.

### TWILIGHT

"Jes' a-smokin',  
 An' a-dreamin'  
 An' a-thinkin' of you, dear;  
 Jes' a-longin'  
 An' a-wonderin'  
 An' a-wishin' your were here.

"Jes' a-watchin'  
 Lonesome shadders  
 'Cross the empty hearthstones fall;  
 Jes' a-smokin',  
 An' a-dreamin',  
 An' a-wishin' you were here.

H. Matheson—XIIA.

### TO MY FIRST LOVE

I remember  
 Meeting you  
 In September  
 Twenty-two.  
 We were eating,  
 Both of us;  
 And the meeting  
 Happened thus:  
 Accidental,  
 On the road;  
 (Sentimental  
 Episode).  
 I was gushing,  
 You were shy;  
 You were blushing,  
 So was I.  
 I was smitten,  
 So were you.  
 (All that's written  
 Here is true).  
 Any money?  
 Not a bit;

Rather funny,  
 Wasn't it?  
 Vows we plighted  
 Happy pair!  
 How delighted  
 People were!  
 But your father,  
 To be sure,  
 Thought it rather  
 Premature;  
 And your mother,  
 Strange to say,  
 Was another  
 In the way.  
 What a heaven  
 Vanished then!  
 (You were seven,  
 I was ten).  
 That was many  
 Years ago—  
 Don't let any-  
 body know.





## XIIA

**Alberta Nichols—**

A jollier girl you seldom will meet.

For further information we'll refer you to Pete.

**Leslie Brown—**

Quiet—at times—yet we suspect that . . . well . . .

Can you imagine Les. writing "love-sonnets" to sell.

**Margaret Howarth—**

This brilliant student who has brought our school fame,

Will in the near future for herself make a name.

**Howard Marin—**

A splendid addition to the elite of XIIA,

To share in our trials and troubles he'll stay.

**Marguerite Dakin—**

With face wreathed in smiles and brim-full of pep,

When Marguerite's round, we sure watch our step.

**Bill Stickney—**

For energy, work, good sportsmanship, fun—

With humor and friendship he ranks No. 1.

**Hope Crockett—**

Pert, and dainty, and studious too,

I know none better than Hope—Do you?

**Rex Kendrew—**

For conscientious study and words very wise

We agree that Rex would walk off with the prize.

**Mary Belkin—**

Most demure is Mary, and a student of note,

Prepared at all times her History to quote.

**Jack Insley—**

Reserved maybe, but plays with zest,

Jack Insley on skates is at his best.

**Fanny Dando—**

For diligent homework Fanny Dando is known;

We extend a welcome to this girl far from home.

**Myron Christenson—**

From outward appearances we'd say he was shy,

But those who know him would say, "But why?"

**Muriel Boundy—**

The success of this "Bugle" is due, don't you see

To our fair little Editor, Muriel Boundy?

**Ronald Cusack—**

In debating, our Ronald always surpasses,

And in Math. he stands near the head of his classes.

**Betty Duguid—**

Betty Duguid, at sports, is splendid indeed;

In basketball others should copy her speed.

**Hugh McBride—**

His qualities so varied, and endless his vim,

Imagine XIIA if separated from him.

**Elizabeth Clipsham—**

Conscientious is Betty, and thorough at work,

She's never been known her homework to shirk.

**Harold Shore—**

As saxophone-player Harold's won fame,  
Since he came the orchestra has never seemed tame.

**Kathleen Broughton—**

Very chatty, and jolly, and seldom seen pouty;  
We've always a smile for our little friend, "Sprouty."

**Gordon Hay—**

A snappy shiek is Gordon Hay,  
More than that we dare not say.

**Muriel Preston—**

Impulsive by nature, as true artists are,  
As a clever pianist she is known near and far.

**Stead Hooper—**

Growing more handsome from day to day,  
Stead is always most dapper and gay.

**Violet Davies—**

Nice things in small parcels we very oft' find;  
Petite Violet Davies is whom we've in mind.

**Dwight Powell—**

So lively, talkative, and very spry,  
When Dwight starts performing he'd knock out your eye.

**Agnes Patterson—**

The student of whom we are writing this rhyme,  
Hopes all of us—always—will "have a good time."

**Peter Dichmont—**

Always fooling, XIIA's clown,  
In his knowledge of Lit. he sure wouldn't drown.

**Dorothy Jorgens—**

Takes Algebra and French, but does not take Comp.  
Every boy in the room admires her pomp.

**Elvin MacDonald—**

This student to us from Central comes;  
We know he wouldn't stay with such a bunch of bums.

**Ed. Peterson—**

For doing good work, Ed. is no poke,  
When he really gets going, just watch his smoke.

**Donald Green—**

Although as yet we don't know him well,  
As they say in story-books, "Time will tell!"

**Edna Ramsbottom—**

In Algebra and Geometry she surely does shine,  
In the XIII gang she fits in just fine.

**Frank Smith—**

A poet unknown, yet not without fame;  
In History, no doubt, he'll inscribe his name.

**Violet Drapaka—**

By her noisiness Violet is not known to us,  
She's friendly and sincere without making a fuss.

**Howard Matheson—**

As hockey expert and promoter of sports,  
Around the school he forever cavorts.

Daisy Wray—XIIA.



## TWELVE-B

We will open our service by singing Hymn .00013. Other classes please remove their hats while our national anthem is being yodelled. Sound the tuning-fork, Miss Wylie—Doooooooooooooh!

Twelve-B is the pride of the High School;  
Twelve-B is the best class of all;  
Twelve-B stands for friendship informal,  
A title we'll never let fall.

If all the broken windows are swept up, the secretary will now read the minutes of the last meeting.—Any errors or omissions?—If not, they stand approved as read. Now our president, Miss Wylie, will call the roll:

**Harry Levinson**—"Not all here, Miss!" our hero replies,  
And dodges an ink-well that Miss Wylie shies.

**Boyd Willet**—There goes the bell, a second to nine—  
Ah, here he comes!—He's just in time.

**Elsie Carlson**—So clever and such a sport is she,  
To praise here enough would impossible be.

**Ted Callbeck**—A flaming wild youth, both handsome and brave,  
Famous for bracelet and permanent wave.

**Rosie Lammle**—Curly hair and dimple chin,  
Many hearts are sure to win.

**Dwight Graff**—A grave and thoughtful student he,  
Whose future hope is botany.

**Margaret McFadyen**—Up! Up! my friend and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double;  
Up! Up! my friend, and clear your looks,  
Why all this toil and trouble? (Algebra 3 ?).

**Bert Austin**—A dumbell school graduate, modest and shy;  
The less said the better—you can guess why.

**Louise McCalla**—Quick and bright, of scholarship fame;  
She treats us true; she plays the game.

**Dick Standerwick**—This little lad is pretty wise,  
He's quite a scholar when he tries.

**Frances Trick**—Attractive, most graceful, and lots of fun too,  
The loss of dear Frances we greatly would rue.

**Harry Mills**—Smiling and jovial, handsome and tall,  
Harry is certainly well liked by all.

**Edith McCalla**—Twinkle, twinkle, Edith's smile;  
If you think we don't love her, just give us a trial.

**Emil Kaiser**—He sits at the back, full of pep,  
For he is our Athletic Rep.

**Alice Bliss**—In general efficiency there's no one can beat her;  
Her spirit runs high, like a Calgary gas meter.



**Harold Zibrick**—Quiet and reserved, among the best may sit;  
He knows his garden vegetables in History and Lit.

**Irene Turnnen**—Where words are scarce;  
They are seldom spent in vain.

**Ronald McKeage**—This noble lad from Blackie came,  
And puzzled the teachers with his name.

**Alison Brownie**—Here's a brilliant (?) scholar,  
She's "Al" to all her friends,  
XIIB's proud to claim her  
For the jollity she lends.

**Ronald Potter**—Though in vain he may strive school laurels to win,  
He sure is a prodigy on the violin.

**Elizabeth Proctor**—There is a soft and pleasant grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face.

**Murray Lister**—Here today, gone tomorrow,  
Heck to pay; sorrow, sorrow.

**Mary Westre**—Mary's kind and thoughtful smile,  
Gathers new friends all the while.

**Leslie McManus**—Long they gazed and great their wonder grew,  
How one small head could harbor all he knew.

**Selma Wood**—Her smiles like sunshine dart  
Into many a sunless heart.

**Laverne Kadey**—Our Rudolphe Valentino bold,  
Handsome as the knights of old.

**Margaret Little**—Little Margaret Little one need little belittle,  
For little Little, little, little Little says little.

**Irwin McNeil**—Quiet and modest he sits at the front,  
So quiet we'd miss him if we didn't hunt.

**Mary Batemen**—A jolly lot we, for all the while,  
We've had Mary's sweet nature—Mary's bright smile.

**Luther Somerville**—A quiet young man whose words are few;  
Math. and History he likes to do.

**Stanley Ferguson**—Stan, Stan, our business man,  
Handles his job as no other can.

**Isobel Shearer**—Isobel Shearer so daintily garbed,  
Makes strong hearts melt as if they were lard.

**Frank Meston**—In History he opened our eyes;  
He sure is some lad for his size.

**Bill McCalla**—Full of fun, without trying to cram,  
Gets a hundred percent on every exam.

**Allan Dick**—He knows his onions at basketball,  
At baseball, hockey, school and all.





## XIIC

**Connie Carter—**

Connie Carter's real efficient and nice,  
Her blonde bob and blue eyes sure do entice.

**Russell Wood—**

"Rusty" Wood is kind of short,  
"But the girls all think he's a real good sport—(P.S.—So do we).

**Olive McKinnon—**

Olive McKinnon has brown eyes and hair;  
If mischief's around, Mac's sure to be there.

**David Seib—**

Our David makes the girls all talk,  
They think he has the cutest walk.

**Myrtle Dulmadge—**

Myrtle may be a quiet mouse,  
But she's lots of fun in our school house.

**Donald MacLean—**

Algebra is Don's bugbear,  
But with the ladies—he's right there!

**Maisie MacFarlane—**

Maisie MacFarlane has hair black as ebon,  
But nevertheless they'll see her in "hebben."

**"Curly" Machon—**

They say "Curly" Machon's a trifle cocky;  
But say, that bimbo can sure play hockey!

**Vera Cross—**

Vera Cross is happy and gay;  
She greets us cheerily every day (?).

**Albert Hogge—**

This quiet young man in truth is dynamic;  
He'll find himself, we suppose, a mechanic.

**Margaret Sharman—**

Happy little Margaret laughs an awful lot,  
However, laughter is a thing that never can be bought.

**Homer Hoffard—**

Homer one day to Greece was a roamer,  
We wonder now what Homer "Hoffard" to Homer!

**Phyllis Ethridge—**

Our Phyllis Ethridge is a blonde who stars in basketball;  
We guess she stars because she sees so much, she is so tall.

**Phillip Miller—**

Phillip Miller, so we thought, was on his way to fame,  
But Phillip Miller homesick got and therefore back he came.

**Murray MacLean—**

Murray, at cartooning work, is really resolute;  
He says he tried his hand at it; we say he used his foot.

**"Scotty" Campbell—**

Gordon in Latin is Miss Giles' pet;  
I bet you she'll be the death of him yet.

**Helen Stevenson—**

Helen's deportment and manner alike  
Are lovely. Here boys, don't you start to hike.

**Cora MacLean—**

Petite and dainty with brown eyes that smile,  
Cora's a girl we think is worth while.

**Jean Adams—**

Miss Adams is a new girl and we don't know her yet,  
But you can watch our landscape—just you bet.

**Lillian Parke—**

Why do men prefer blondes? you tackheads!  
It's 'cause they don't like squeezing blackheads.

**Doug. Cumbers—**

A likeable chap is Doug. you know;  
He works to watch his average grow.

**Angeline Strom—**

Angeline Strom is capable and sedate;  
This lady wins the prize in the lunch and debate.

**Clifford Arlendsen—**

Cliff's a mighty upstanding gent;  
He'd pawn his pants to pay his rent.

**Elsie Healey—**

I can't say a think for Elsie Healey;  
Oh well, she doesn't need any compliments, really.

**Marjorie Ferguson—**

I am not wasting printer's lines,  
Marjorie sure in History shines.

**Grace Tompkins—**

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command.

**Agnes Ogilvie—**

Her namesakes run their mills by power,  
And in our eyes she is a flower (Five Roses?).

**Walter Schultz—**

This radio bug has waves in his hair;  
I wonder what wave length put them there?

**Miss Hobbs—**

Miss Hobbs is-er-guardian to this rowdy bunch,  
That she's a good sport we have a big hunch.

**Art. Kirkby—**

Art. Kirkby—Here is a poet of embryo;  
Let's give him his praise in a hearty crescendo.

**Malcolm McCallum—**

Malc. has his "phiz." so much in this book,  
We'll just put it once in this shady nook.

# SPOT LIGHT

△△ CRESCENT

GIRLS

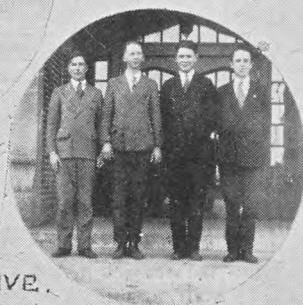


HEIGHTS △△

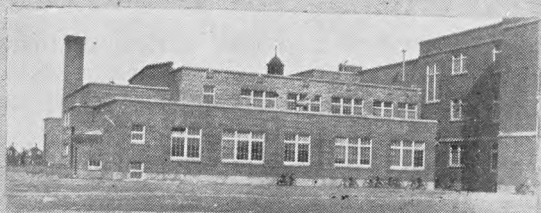
ATHLETIC

BOY'S  
ATHLETIC.

HI-Y  
EXECUTIVE.



SCHOOL  
ASSEMBLY HALL  
AND  
LABORATORIES.



THE CRESCENT  
HEIGHTS

HI-Y  
CLUB.



SCOTT



### THE ORCHESTRA

Conductor—Mr. E. Smith, M.A.

Violins—R. Potter, M. Reid, T. Stiles, J. May, R. Dunn, G. Hay.

Piano—J. Lewis.

Cornets—E. Gerdon, R. Foss.

Mandolins—G. Stout, E. Callbeck.

Saxophone—H. Shore.

Slide Trombone—R. McLeod.

Drums—W. Schultz.

The Orchestra has completed another successful year in its history.

This year there was a greater variety of instruments which enabled us to attempt better music. The attendance to the practices has been uniformly good which has been a great help in keeping interest up.

The selections played during the season were of a high standard, although varied in tunes, some of the numbers were of a lighter vein such as "Mardi Gras," "W.S. Submarine," "Sweetheart Mine," etc., others were of a heavier nature such as "Plantation Songs" and "The Cannibal Chief."

Although there were no Literary Society meetings this year the Orchestra made several appearances before the school at both evening and afternoon entertainments. This year the Orchestra has had the honor of playing at Central Church for the Oratorical Contest.

In order to ensure a good Orchestra next year I would like to appeal to all the school musicians to support the Orchestra. Time spent in practicing with us is certainly not wasted, for under Mr. Smith's competent leadership you get a good training in all the phases of orchestra work. The school as a whole owes a debt of gratitude to our leader who so willingly gives so much of his time to supply the school with a well trained Orchestra.

—E. G. Callbeck.

## ARABIAN LOVE SONG

Thou art the breath of my body,  
Thou art the care of my heart;  
Life is a desert without thee,  
Heaven's wherever thou art!

Chorus of flutes by a fountain,  
Silvery bells in the night,  
Murmur of rain on the mountain . . . .  
These are thy voice, my Delight!

Lean to me from the dark casement;  
Loose thy gauze veil from my eyes . . . .  
Thou art a breeze, sweet with rose-scent,  
Thou art a cloud from the skies!

Moonstone and opal and ruby,  
Silk from a far caravan,  
Perfumes and sweets I will give thee—  
These . . . . and the love of a man!

H. Matheson—XIIA.

## SONG IN SPIKE OF MYSELF

Never love with all your heart,  
It only ends in aching,  
And bit by bit to the smallest part  
That organ will be breaking.

Never love with all your mind,  
It only ends in fretting;  
In musing on sweet joys behind,  
Too poignant for forgetting.

Never love with all your soul;  
For such there is no ending,  
Though a mind that frets may find control,  
And a shattered heart find mending.

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed,  
Confine same under cover,  
And when love goes bid him Godspeed,  
And find another lover.

H. Matheson—XIIA.





W. Watts, M.A.



H.G. Beacom, B.A.



R.R. Brecken, B.A.Sc.



C.V. Assefline, B.Sc.



G. Smith, M.A.



H.C. McNeil



Miss K. McKeller, B.A.

W. Abernath, B.A.  
Principal

Miss M.C. Giles, B.A.



Miss M.E. Clark, B.A.

# The STAFF CRESCENT HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL

1928 - 29



R.S. McLeod, B.A.



Miss J. Beveridge, B.A.



Miss K. Hobbs, B.A.



Mrs. K.B. Mill



Miss M.C. Wolfe, B.A.



Miss J. Todd, B.A.



G.F. Hollinshead, B.Sc.



J.O. Ferguson, B.A.



J.L. Laurie, B.A.

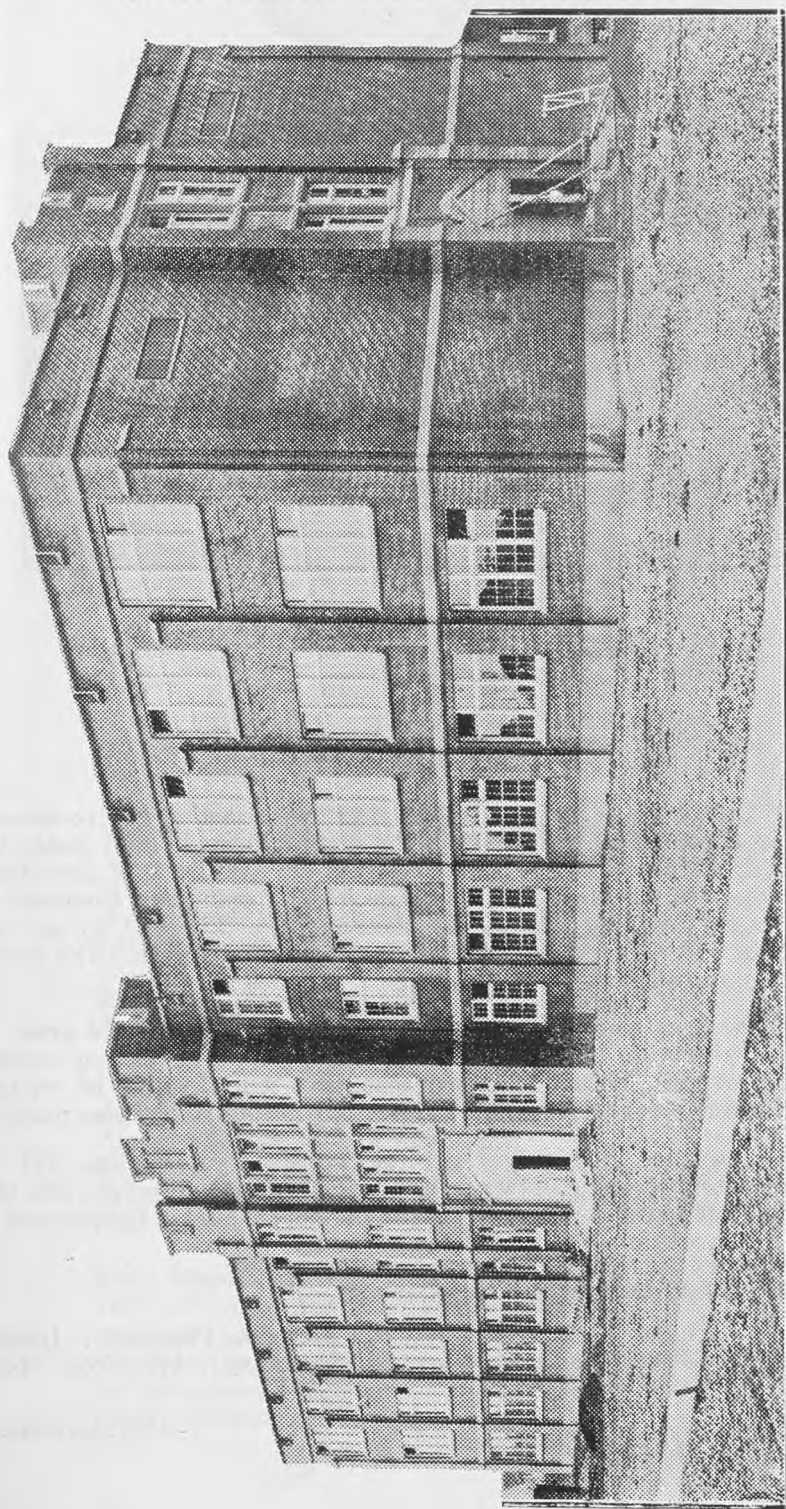


Miss D.L. Reid, B.A.



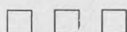
M.L. Watts, B.A.







THE BOW RIVER



### Hi-Y

The Crescent Heights Hi-Y sees itself well on the way to success again in the 1928-29 term. An early start was made, and under the leadership of Mr. Frame it began operations. The work of Christmas Cards was first tackled, and it was decided to print two thousand as a start, and to sell them within the school. Needless to say the Crescents gave it great support and pushed it to success. The school has the sincere thanks of the group.

Friday noon meetings in connection with lunch are the order of the year. Several beneficial discussions have been held on various school problems, and conclusions reached. At the time of writing plans for a concert were under way and a program for it was made.

While we are genuinely regretful for Mr. Frame's loss, yet we congratulate him on his new position as inspector, and on the fine successor he left in the person of Mr. Hollinshead. Mr. Hollinshead is doing fine work in his new position as leader.

Officers for the year are as follows:

Mr. Aberhart, Hon. President; Bill McCalla, President; Dwight Powell, Vice-President; Art. Chesney, Secretary; Art. Cook Treasurer.

—M. MacLean.

**FIRST PRIZE—VALENTINE DAY REVERIE**

We are sweethearts today,  
Let's be sweethearts for aye,  
And drift all thru life side by side;  
In whatever we do,  
Let us vow to be true,  
No matter what trouble betide.

There perhaps may be years  
Full of sorrow and tears  
When we must perforce be apart;  
But the clouds will roll by,  
Show the sun in the sky,  
And Cupid once more with his dart.

Then we'll wander again  
Through green meadow and glen,  
'Mid flowers so fragrant and fair,  
To our favorite nook  
Near the bubbling brook,  
Where butterflies glide in the air.

To the sweet melodies  
Of the birds and the bees  
We'll rest in a grassy green knoll,  
And just like the dove,  
In the leaves up above,  
Make love till the soft shadows fall.

When the sun sinks to rest  
We shall build a love nest  
Amid the tall evergreen trees;  
Just a paradise rare  
Where the deer has his lair  
And the daffodil bows to the breeze.

Here we'll live a quiet life  
As husband and wife,  
Along with the rest of mankind;  
Together we'll climb  
Up the pathway of time,  
And scatter sweet mem'ries behind.

Even when we are grey,  
With all youth fled away  
And days of activity past,  
We'll continue to be  
In this grand reverie  
True sweethearts right up to the last.

Bert Austin—XIIB.



### EXECUTIVE MEMBERS OF THE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASS'N

Hon. President, Wm. Aberhart, B.A.; President, Mrs. W. E. Callbeck; First Vice-President, Mrs. M. A. Wright; Second Vice-President, Mr. G. F. Hollinshead, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. R. Willett; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. L. Boundy; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Sprague; Press Correspondent, Mrs. E. S. Frost.

### Convenors

Membership, Mrs. A. H. Malthouse; Reception, Mrs. C. W. Johnson, Mrs. W. B. Waters; Visiting, Mrs. W. Duncan; Programme, Miss I. Bevridge, B.A., Wesley Watts, M.A.; Social, Mrs. C. A. Peach; Flower, Mrs. T. Knight; Pianist, Mrs. E. R. Kirkby.

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### C.H.C.I. PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

What can we say about this organization that hasn't already been said,—many times, perhaps!

For the past year our work has been carried on along similar lines to previous years. We have had the same interests to work for, the

same ends in view; but each year our vision is broader, our interests wider, our aims higher. This must be true, if progress is to be our keynote.

But, after all, many good things improve with repetition. Our capable, efficient President, Mrs. W. E. Callbeck, in her second year of office, has even surpassed her previous record for accomplishing things worth while.

Our Executive is faithful and untiring. Our Principal and Staff overlook no opportunity to serve the best interests of the Association.

The chief objective of the P.-T.A. movement is the friendly and systematic co-operation of parents and teachers; and as a means to this end, we have had during 1928-29 addresses and general discussion on themes pertinent to High School life. Members of the staff are very popular as speakers, four having addressed the meetings this year—Mr. J. L. Laurie, B.A., spoke on "Some Factors that Affect Examination Results"; Mr. E. Smith, M.A., chose for his topic "Blind Alley Education"; Miss Giles, B.A., gave an address on "The Value of a University Education"; while Miss K. McKellar's theme was "Your Boy wants to be a Doctor or an Engineer—Should he, or Should he not?"

The outstanding social event of the year was the opening of the New School on February 6th, when an interested audience of several hundred people, including members of the School Board, and other representative citizens came to inspect our splendid new building and excellent equipment, and to offer congratulations.

The Annual Banquet which is looked forward to each year by students and ex-students as a get-to-gether-for-a-good-time occasion, was held on March 8th, and was a wonderful success, both socially and financially. Our social convenor, Mrs. Peach is to be most highly commended for her splendid work in connection with the banquet.

We mention with special pleasure the address of Dr. G. W. Kerby on "P.-T.A. work in other Countries." His talk was a great inspiration and made us all proud to be a part of such a wonderful organization, with such marvellous possibilities for good.

The artistic talent that has provided entertainment for our meetings is deserving of honorable mention,—and has given much pleasure to all.

We take occasion here to express our regret at the removal of a popular member of the School Staff—and a valued worker of the Association, W. E. Frame, B.A., and wish him the greatest success in his new field.

We look back over a busy year and say with justifiable pride of our work, "It is good."

Susie E. Willett, Rec. Secretary.



## ELEVEN-A GIRLS

**Maxine Pain—**

Ain't she sweet? Doncha think her kinda neat?  
I ask you very confidentially, "Ain't she sweet?"

**Nancy French—**

Nancy's sure a neat young dame,  
For some new prank she's always game.

**Marjorie Haney—**

Marjorie is a friend of Nancy's,  
Fills us with romantic fancies.

**Jean Irving—**

A sweet young dear, you will admit,  
And all the boys are aware of it.

**Margaret Hunter—**

Margaret's a confidante of Jean's,  
They're as close as a couple of Haricot beans.

**Marjorie Grant—**

Marjorie thinks a lot of "Coony,"  
Over him she is quite "loony."

**Lilian Johnson—**

Red hair and freckled nose she's got;  
She's the girl who knows a lot.

**Norma Jackson—**

Norma Jackson still annoys  
Mr. McLeod with her sweet little voice.

**Margaret Nichol—**

A lively kid is Margaret Nichol,  
She's got many boys' hearts in a pickle.

**Edith Pickard—**

Edith is a saucy little imp;  
Tho' in her Latin she's a little limp.

**Katie Middleton—**

Middle(ton) is not quite right,  
Katie, I assure you, is very light.

**Winnifred Hardy—**

You'll all agree she is real cute,  
Especially in her "gym" suit.

**Orma Rath—**

Tho' her surname rhyme with wrath,  
A sweet, mild temperament she hath.

**Marjorie Saltwell—**

And still another Marjorie,  
As quiet as average girls can be.

**Hilda Jagoe—**

Here's a girl full of old Nick,  
For any new prank she's always quick.

**Maysie Budge—**

Good in Latin, Comp. and Chem.,  
Gets a hundred percent. Ahem!

**Jessie Adams—**

Pale blue eyes and sandy hair;  
She and Raymond make a good pair.



**Norah Burns—**

A very pretty girl they say,  
Attracts many visitors to XIA.

**Harriet Asselstine—**

A favorite of all the teachers she,  
And knows more than her A.B.C.

**Sofie Sheinin—**

A quaint wee thing and full of life.

**Mary Mayell—**

Mary's our popular athletic girl;  
When on the race track she's a whirl.

**Kathleen McRae—**

She knows her work and all that bunk,  
While you and I are almost sunk.

### ELEVEN-A BOYS

**Gordon Sprague—**

Tho' with the teachers he's a plague,  
At chasing the girls he's "Gordon Sprague."

**John Hall—**

John, as you know, is our windy seer,  
And still is considered sweet Harriet's dear.

**Raymond Purkis—**

"Turkey" is short for our bashful young hero;  
He pleases the teachers and never gets zero.

**Norman Miller—**

The humorist of the debating team;  
As a joker he really is a scream.

**James Peach—**

If glasses denote character with nothing else alloyed,  
Jimmy is a humorist, just like Harold Lloyd.

**James Reid—**

A very quiet chap is he;  
Will be a preacher, wait and see.

**Jay Burke—**

Psychological Jay with his solemn way,  
Keeps us laughing all the day.

**Ernest Frost—**

Ernie's our cute little rugby star;  
With his end runs he sure ran far.

**John Calhoun—**

Johnnie is the teacher's hope;  
He knows his Trig. and all that dope.

**Stirling McLeod—**

Gets up at 3 to study French,  
And sits all morn on his hard work bench.

**Jack Lewis—**

A lazy lout, the teachers say;  
Has new excuses every day.

—J. Lewis.

## XIB CLASS

- Mr. Watts** over us presides,  
And boys, he knows what to prescribe,  
To we who love to use our tongues,  
To relieve the pressure on our lungs.
- Lillian Bailey**, that good-looking blonde,  
To her the boys cast looks quite fond.
- Dorothy Buschlen** has got those looks  
That you read about in Hollywood books.
- May Carlson**, of her we know little,  
But above the shoulders she's not so brittle.
- Elizabeth Clark**, often called "Lizzy,"  
But the teachers say she's never busy.
- Lillian Demings** is somewhat small,  
But the boys don't mind that at all.
- Magdalene Gleddie** is no dumbell,  
To hear her in Geography, you could tell.
- Jessie Ferguson** says Latin is a curse,  
Why? Too frequent visits to her purse.
- Annie Graham** doesn't do much walking,  
But makes up for it in incessant talking.
- Catherine Jenkins** has just one dimple,  
But in her Comp. she's not so simple.
- Blanche Lavoie** is fat and stubby,  
But just the same she'll catch a hubby.
- Gertrude O'Hanlon** is our basketball star,  
In Grammar she's way above par.
- Isabel Perkins**, sometimes called "Izzy,"  
But no one can say she's anyways dizzy.
- Selma Rydberg**, some say she's a peach,  
But what's the diff., she's out of my reach.
- Norah Scott**, now boys, please be quiet,  
'Cause she's a beauty, you can't deny it.
- Geneva Smith** sometimes thinks a lot,  
During Literature in this she'll never be caught.
- Dorothy Standerwick** sure puzzles my quill,  
'Cause her name doesn't seem to fit this bill.
- Catherine Stephen** is solemn and studious,  
But some boys claim they're rather dubious.
- Loretta Thomas**, although she's from Brant,  
Cuts quite a swell, don't you think she can't.

- Irene Teghtmeyer** talks all the while,  
Her loud laughter causes many a smile.
- Elinor Van Amburg** is a girl sublime,  
But in Latin she never will shine.
- Guy Austin** is our poet laureate;  
But Latin he sure seems to hate.
- Roy Austin** is rather short and stout,  
But he knows what it's all about.
- Arthur Cook** at nine comes in like a gusher,  
But at the Cap. he's just one grand usher.
- Oatha Callwell** is seldom heard from,  
But when you do, you know he's thought some.
- "Les" Dulmadge** won't survive the strain,  
If Comp. is taught to him again.
- "Ed." Gordon** says he's a born musician,  
But his ideas are merely supposition.
- Bill Hutton**, oh, you will all remember,  
What he did in Rugby last November.
- Weldon Harriman** from the country came,  
He knows more than we, just the same.
- "Mack" Macfarlane** with the girls is never tame,  
Hockey will always be his pet game.
- Jim May** says as a debater,  
He'd rather be a good dictator.
- Richard Milton** is the room's bright light,  
And the girls declare he's their delight.
- Ray Napper** in Rugby he did shine,  
In Latin, he goes behind the line.
- Jack Oberhotzer** is J. D.'s reference,  
In History or Civics, it makes no difference.
- Leslie Phelps**, a boy whom Fate made wee,  
If he were big, what a man he'd be.
- Forbes Rodney** bought a brand new lock,  
Then the combination he forgot.
- Bruce Simpson** spends his spares  
Admiring the blondes in the opposite chairs.
- Ernest Stark** takes much pains,  
In telling you he has lots of brains.
- Tommy Styles** has come to the conclusion,  
The more you think, the more the confusion.
- Roger Thompson** is our star debater,  
But girls beware, he's a woman hater.

"Mack" Macfarlane—XIB.

## ROOM COUPLETS—XIC

**Don McLeod—**

His wish—

I wish I played marbles,  
I wish I played dibbs,  
I wish I sat in a high chair,  
And had to wear bibs.

**Carl Iddiols—**

Carl may look only a trifle,  
But just watch him when he has a rifle.

**George Bishop—**

Another friend of Mr. McLeod's;  
In Geog. George sure says 'em out loud.

**Vera Gully—**

Short and slim with nice brown hair;  
So full of pep, you sure know she's there.

**Phyllis Tounsand—**

A Girl Guide she certainly is,  
Soldier, Sailor, Tinker, mind your biz!

**Jack Lem—**

Behold! the original scholar,  
Took home six books, oh, what a holler.

**Grace Hess—**

Grace, if you please, whisper louder:  
Mr. McLeod's familiar holler.

**Janet Saunders—**

"Red" is her nickname;  
Watch the boys gather to add the surname.

**Herb Rooney—**

Herb at rugby sure is a "wow,"  
As D class champion he takes a bow.

**Bernice Marsh—**

She's the girl with the hefty swat;  
I pity the guy who gets her for his lot.

**Dorothy Powell—**

She works in the shop of the chips and fish;  
Serves you a dinner on a nice clean dish.

**Pearl Johnston—**

She's our little Eleven-C Pearl,  
Someday she'll touch a count or an earl.

**Ray Stauffer—**

He's the boy of the heavy-weight ring;  
He'd make J. D. or Tunny sing.

**Ivan Finlay—**

He's the lad who comes from afar,  
I'm sure he'd rival Ivan Slavinski ? ? ?

**Sterling Gilbert—**

Sterling is our fad young ape,  
What he says—lotta tape.

**Aaron Malkin—**

Aaron is our rushing Jew;  
When he eats garlic—Phew!

**George McFall—**

Georgie porgie puddin' and pye,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry,  
And made the girls, so very sick!  
As if they had eaten Arsenic.

**Norine Greenwood—**

Norine hails from the land of the woods;  
Who was the acorn there?

**Bill Harrison—**

Says Bill:  
Oh sleep it is a blessed thing,  
Beloved the whole world over.

**Sylvia Short—**

Sylvia Short lives up to her name,  
But she can't help it, she's not to blame.

**Kenneth Gillanders—**

Oh! Kennie dear he sure is trusty,  
But give'm a chance, he ain't so rusty.

**Evelyn Derry—**

Quick and refined;  
Our little Eve's not the rough kind.

**Jacobena Gimbel—**

Jakie is our basketball star;  
Look to your right and there she are.

**Bill Davidson—**

William Davidson, little Bill,  
Rides a striped bike up the hill.

**Beth Hector—**

Sometimes here, sometimes not;  
My note. Oh yes, I forgot.

**Norma Chapman—**

Norma sits in the very front row;  
Did she translate Homer? I don't know.

**Edrie Woods—**

Edrie sits behind Pauline,  
Then when she talks, she's got a screen.

**Jean Bennett—**

Don't cry, little girl, don't cry;  
You'll be an angel by and by.

**Ursula Burrows—**

Quiet, demure, winsome and shy;  
When things get noisy, she's not by.

**Amy Anderson—**

Slips into her seat at the stroke of nine;  
Never hurries, there's lots of time.

**Dorothy Sargeant—**

Dorothy Sargeant, last seat in that aisle,  
Talks to Phyllis most of the while.

**Isabelle Thomson—**

She and Margaret look like twins;  
One gets blamed for the other's sins.

**Pauline Worman** with the Empire curls,  
In spite of them, she's one of the girls.

**Richard Ferguson**, rather pale and slim,  
Seems always to wonder what mess he's in.

**Margaret Ross** can be grave or gay,  
But just trust her to brighten the day.

**Kathleen Lee** is meek and mild—

She never gets the teachers wild.

**Christie Budvarson's** not been here long,  
But we'll tell the world there's nothing wrong.

**Of Mary Geissinger** we're supposed to sing,  
But we don't know a single thing.

**Catherine Stewart** thinks school is heaven;  
She need not come until eleven.

—D. Sinclair.

### Turning Over a New Leaf

It was visiting day at the jail, and the uplifters were on deck.

"My good man," said one kindly lady, "I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

"I have that, mum," replied the prisoner in heartfelt tones. "Believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."

\* \* \* \*

A farmer who had twenty pigs, one day sent his servant to count them, and see if they were all there. Paddy came back slowly with a puzzled look on his face.

"Well," said his master, "Are they all right?"

"Oh! Your honor, I counted 19, but one little fellow ran about so fast I wasn't able to count him at all."



## XID

**Margaret Thompson—**

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.

**Margaret Reid—**

She was born to make hash of men's buzzums.

**Leonore Stickle—**

She has truth and common sense,  
Which is more than knowledge.

**Robert McCaugherty—**

'Tis common for the younger sort,  
To lack discretion.

**Donald Brown—**

I never knew so young a body with so old a heart.

**Kathleen Burke—**

A lovely girl is Miss Kathleen,  
With all the charm of an Irish colleen.

**Myra Neil—**

If silence was golden, to quote that saying old—  
Myra could easily keep the mint supplied with gold.

**Dick Woodruff—**

A strong and silent man is he,  
From the great, wide open spaces—where women are chosen  
by their weight—Not for their faces.

**Jack Stickle—**

Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.

**Ralph Boundy—**

His face shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

**Vernon Berge—**

A goodly boy withal.

**Lillian Stewart—**

Lillian comes from the country where  
They're not very thin, but they're oh, so fair.

**Margaret Main—**

She is fair and fairer than that word of wondrous virtue.

**William Callahan—**

He seems a man of master qualities.

**Edgar Dick—**

A woman hater he,—a scorner of the tribe.

**Earl Downs—**

He seems a proper man's picture.

**Edna Thompson—**

Edna is so swift and strong,  
In basketball she's never wrong.

**Raymond Cross—**

"What's in a name?"  
A worthy saying handed down.  
Raymond's name is Cross,  
But we never see him frown.

**Jean Marshall—**

The girl you want to know is Jean;  
She never suffers from the spleen.

**Mina Masters—**

Mina, I'm sure, will some day reach fame;  
How can she help it with such a name?

**Gladys Tebs—**

Gladys has a gentle smile,  
She's never in a hurry;  
Says she, "Worry makes you thin—  
That's why I never worry."

**Elfreada Roper—**

Tho' through many books you've conn'd,  
You'll not find a better reason  
Why gentlemen prefer them blonde.

**Marj Groat—**

A clever girl is Marj Groat,  
We never see her play the goat.

**Annie Andrews—**

Annie, whatever else she'll do,  
Is always good in Literature too.

**Ada Burwash—**

On Ada the teachers all rely;  
She never worries them by asking "Why?"

**Ronald Oldham—**

Ronald is so studious,  
He never does annoy;  
In fact, the teachers all think Ronald  
The loveliest sort of boy.

**Margaret Harvey—**

Margaret is quiet and demure;  
Is she as quiet as she looks?—I'm not so sure.

**Douglas Gunn—**

His shoulders are bowed, but not  
From any worries dire;  
He's only waiting for the words—  
"Gunn, who told you to fire?"

**Clarence Roberts—**

Dead—asleep he seemed, yet all awake.

**Dorothy Robertson—**

Her name is Dorothy,  
They call her Dot—  
When it comes to homework,  
She's not so "hot."

**Alleen Noble—**

School to Alleen is not a bore;  
She always has a novel in store.

**Helen Finlayson—**

Very quiet and also good—  
She always does just what she should.

**Agnes Moir—**

School doesn't worry Agnes,  
She meets it all with poise;  
For, let the worst come to the worst,  
She'll always have the boys.

**Dorothy Carpenter—**

Dorothy is a little girl,  
We seldom hear her speak;  
When Dorothy is at home,  
I wonder if she's as meek.

**Daisy Brown—**

Daisy has such lovely curls,  
They are the envy of all the girls.

**Ericka Eggert—**

Ericka is a clever lass—  
She's always at the head of the class.

**Arthur Gell—**

Knox always shakes—  
Arthur—when he makes mistakes.

**William Briggs—**

William is a lad most clever;  
Does he copy homework? Never! Never!!

—A. Engle.

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**Ticklish**

Bandit (to escaped lunatic)—“Stick 'em up.”

Lunatic—“Stick what up?”

Bandit—“Your hands, G-r-r! Put 'em up.”

Lunatic—“Up where?”

Bandit—“Above your head, G-r-r!”

Lunatic—“Well promise me one thing—promise me you won't tickle.”

Collapse of Bandit.

\* \* \* \*

“Catch me, Clarence, I'm dizzy.”

“Whassamatter?”

“I have just read a circular letter.”

\* \* \* \*

**That's Easy**

Gypsy Maid—“I tella your fortune Mister.”

Freshman—“How much?”

Gypsy Maid—“Twenty-five cents.”

Freshman—“Correct.”

### HOW THE CRESCENTS PLAY THE GAME

The sun rose slowly from its eastern nest,  
That day was just like all the rest,  
The mountains from our heights were clear,  
The zero hour was drawing near.  
Latin, Comp. and French were o'er,  
Trig. and History were no more.  
There was but five more minutes to go,  
Each student was waiting for the bells to crow;  
The teachers looked their pupils o'er  
And said the class would be no more;  
To Hillhurst Park all wound their way,  
By trolley or some other way.  
The Centrals, they were grouped in fours;  
The Crescents, they were grouped in scores,  
Each team was ready for the fray;  
Each captain studied the other's play.  
The referee approached the teams,  
They had a meeting so it seems.  
At last the ball was placed for play,  
And all the students looked that way;  
The referee his whistle blows,  
Each of the boys was on his toes.  
The Centrals were gaining, yard by yard,  
But the Crescents were fighting extremely hard.  
The Crescents cheered by their friends on the side,  
Put through a buck, big Hugh McBride,  
The Crescents now began to gain,  
A run to the right would be quite sane;  
Our half-back made that run to the right  
But one of the Centrals nailed him tight.  
There was but two minutes to play,  
The students on their seats were gay;  
Each student cheered his team the more  
Hoping that they might break the score;  
The benches resounded with the shouts,  
Each player was weary from the clouts.  
Again the referee his whistle blows;  
Again each student homeward goes.  
The old school spirit is just the same,  
Play up! Play up, and play the game!

H. Matheson—XIIA.



## GIRLS' SPORTS

### GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President, Miss McKellar; President, Connie Carter; Vice-President, Jacobina Gimbel; Treasurer, Jean Irving; Secretary, Mona Baldwin.

The nomination meeting of the Girls' Athletic was held on September 7th, when the following were nominated for office:

Hon. President, Miss McKellar; President—Daisy Wray, Maisie McFarlane, Edith McCalla, Connie Carter.

Vice-President—Jacobine Gembel, Gertrude O'Hanlon.

Treasurer—Louis McCalla, Katie Middleton, Marjorie Haney, Jean Irving.

Secretary—Freda Roper, Jean Faulkner, May Brown, Mona Baldwin.

The girls then made their nomination speeches, after which the meeting adjourned. The results of the closely-contested elections held later, are noted above.

### BASEBALL (Inter-Room)

The baseball games sponsored by the Association were enthusiastically supported by all Grades. The rooms were divided into three leagues:

A—Senior. B—Intermediate. C—Junior.

After numerous struggles IXC emerged as winners of C section; XIB were acclaimed victors in the B section, while XIIB proved their worth in A section.

A draw resulted in IXC and XIB playing a semi-final, when, despite the almost frantic efforts of XIB to prevent being defeated by the "niners," the latter proved to be superior.

It now remained for XIIB to save the day. Would they, too, be defeated by Betty Campbell and her squad? "Never!" declared "Fritz" McCalla. And so under her able captainship the "twelves" saved their reputation by winning in a fast and furious game, which at times verged close to a fight.

So the E. J. Williams Cup now graces XIIB.



## INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

### Senior

After numerous delays, the Senior Basketball schedule was drawn up, consisting of but one league. Our Seniors, having been ably coached by our "Dependable Peggie," and probably under the influence of the brand new basketball sweaters, met and easily defeated Mount Royal. The next two games, played with South Calgary and C.C.I. respectively, did not end so happily, for the Seniors, unfortunately, well, oh—in short, were lost. But undaunted they next met and defeated East Calgary by the comfortable score of 20-2.

The first home game was played with C.C.I. The girls went into the game determined as usual to do their best. And low! Those who witnessed the game can answer. All through the struggle our girls worked hard, and got results. For at half-time the score was ? ? ? During the last half, despite the efforts of the C.C.I. squad, we held our own—And the result?—Was a tie! And so, though we did not conquer, we were not conquered.

The next game on schedule was with South Calgary. This also was a home game, so a large number of students turned out to witness what promised to be a real game. For South Calgary was so far undefeated. Our team put up their usual good game and by close



guarding, prevented the Southerners from scoring. However, the closing whistle found the Crescents in the short end of the score. Nevertheless we were well pleased for that is the closest the South Calgary squad have ever come to being beaten this year.

The last game of the season will be played with Mount Royal, but this is merely a matter of form, for the championship is practically decided.

### Juniors

From a considerable amount of raw material, Coach Wylie, with the aid of a few oldtimers, has developed a fine Junior team.

In the first game East Calgary was forced to accept defeat. Similarly Mount Royal was vanquished. By some peculiar oversight on the part of "old man Luck," or probably because of the absence of the captain, the next game with East Calgary, ended disastrously for the Crescents. However, it did not matter, for the Juniors had won their section.

The final Junior game between South Calgary and C.H.C.I. was played on March 1st. From start to finish it was one continuous thrill, especially Edna Thompson's "bowling basket." Both teams fought hard, and both teams were evenly matched. The result was inevitable. A tie! But it being a final game overtime was given, and during this trying period, South Calgary obtained the needed goals to win.

Thus another season of Interscholastic Basketball is over. And when we consider the disadvantages our teams have been working under, due to moving, we must conclude that they have done remarkably well.

### Olds Agricultural School vs. C.H.C.I.

As a result of a challenge from Olds, Saturday night was set for the games between O.A.S. and C.H.C.I.

Before crowded balconies our girls gave a snappy exhibition of C.H.C.I. basketball. The visitors played hard and fairly, but they were unsuccessful and were easily defeated.

The return game, played at Olds the following week-end, also ended in favor of our team.

No doubt that now we have the finest gym. floor in the city, we will have an opportunity to witness many more such games. Here's hoping!

And now shall we take a look at the personnel of the teams:

**Miss Wylie (Coach)**—

Oh! what's a team without a coach;

Ours is the finest, and that's no boast.

### Seniors

**Gertrude O' Hanlon (Guard)**—

As captain of our Senior team,

I'll tell the world she sure is keen.

**Louise McCalla (Forward)**—

Good ole Hans—That's the stuff!

Grab that ball, treat 'em rough.

**Edith McCalla** (Forward)—

The mainstay of the basketball game,  
Fritz's sure good, always the same.

**Freda Roper** (Centre)—

Legs and arms going, full speed ahead,  
Freda's on the floor, 'nuff said.

**Jacobina Gimbel** (Guard)—

As a basketball star, she knows her trade well,  
She's an old stand-by, is "Jakie" Gembil.

**Phil. Ethridge** (Centre)—

When you want Phil., she's always handy,  
On the basketball floor she sure is dandy.

**Margaret Sharman** (Sub.)—

Clear the floor folks, get out of the way,  
Sharman's got the ball, she's heading this way.

**Agnes Moir** (Sub.)—

A crackerjack is "Aggie" Moir,  
She knows her game, but don't annoy her.

### Juniors

**Edna Thompson** (Captain, Centre)—

Our tall flashy centre is she,  
Couldn't be better, you'll all agree.

**Alvi Carson** (Guard)—

Tall and quick and full of pep;  
"Alvi" makes the whole gang step.

**Vera Gully** (Forward)—

Vera is our forward, and oh, Min  
When she gets the ball, it goes right in.

**Margaret Nicol** (Guard)—

Our basketball games are full of pep,  
Since onto our floor Peggy has stepped.

**Betty Duguid** (Forward)—

A dandy kid and always game,  
Faithful Betty deserves her name.

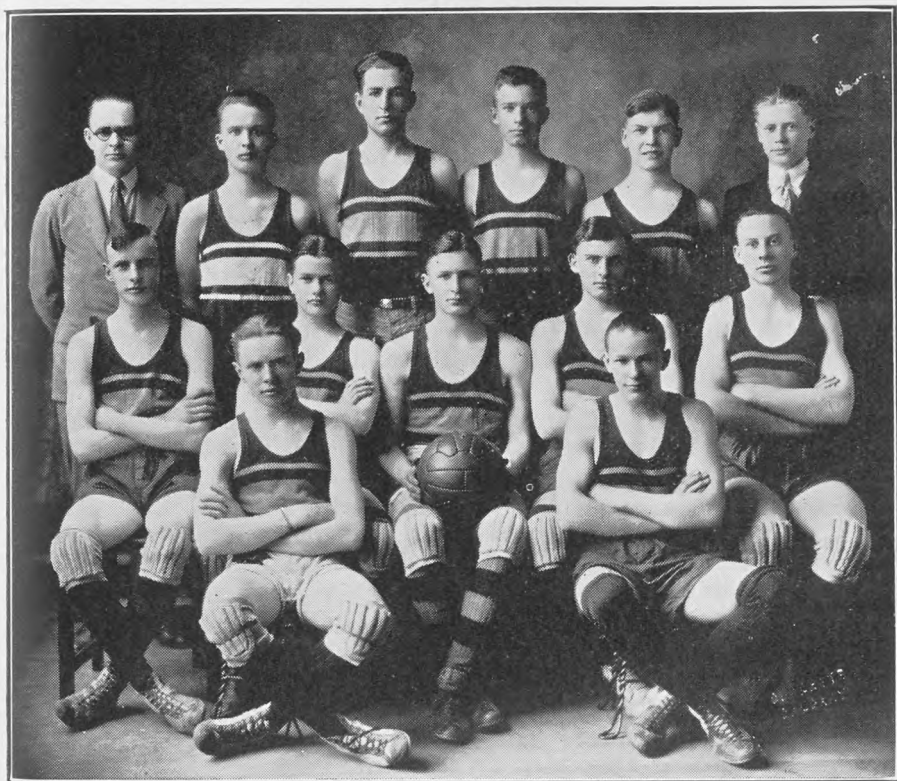
**Gladys White** (Sub.)—

A scrapper right is Gladys White,  
When she gets the ball, she hangs on tight.

**Lucy Bonella** (Sub.)—

A basketball star is Lucy Bonella,  
A good player and a dandy fella.

Connie Carter.



As soon as the Assembly Hall was ready for use, boys' basketball was organized. At a meeting held in Mr. Watts' room one day after four, basketball enthusiasts elected Stead Hooper as chairman, and Jack Stickle and Don McLeod as commissioners of the basketball commission.

After a few practices a team was formed to represent the school. We played an exhibition game against Mount Royal and won it by a large score.

A home-and-home-series was arranged with the Olds Agricultural College. The first game was played on our floor on Saturday, March 9th. The contest was fast and a good brand of basketball was played throughout. Before a packed gallery, our boys succeeded in defeating our opponents by a score of 21-17. The following week-end the squad accompanied by the girls' senior team went to Olds by bus to play the return game. Although it was fast the class of basketball played was not so good as in the first contest. Unaccustomed to the small floor our team suffered defeat, the score being 19-11. After the game a dance was held and refreshments were served to the players. We came home in the bus the same night, getting home about 2.30.

### SENIOR RUGBY—1928

We have just seen the close of one of the school's most spectacular rugby seasons. Exceptional playing ability, speed and good weather have been contributing factors. Keen interest in the sport was displayed throughout by the students, as shown by the excited crowds which attended each game to cheer on their team, no matter what the weather was like.

Our Seniors showed fine fighting spirit, and even though they did not head the list they deserve great credit for their display of clean sportsmanship and gameness. The majority of the players had never played the game before, and the slight training which they received was due to the efforts of Howard Matheson, the captain, although the coaching services of Wesley Watts and "Squib" Ross were later secured.

Due to the efforts of Mr. Watts, and Mr. Gardiner of the Y.M.C.A. an interscholastic league was formed, in which Crescent Heights entered two teams.

Our A team successfully defeated South Calgary, East Calgary and Central, all by large scores. The final game is yet to be played, when Crescent Heights will be opposed by the team having the second highest standing.

In the Junior league, our B team won games against South Calgary and Mount Royal.

At the time of writing the executive was working on the formation of a league in the school in which boys not making the teams could play and be trained. This league will be composed of six teams headed by captains appointed by the commission.

The members of A team are—A. Dick, G. Sprague, J. Stickle, E. Dick, E. Frost, H. Rooney and D. McLeod. B team is composed—Mills, Burke, J. McDougal, Lewis, Hooper, Christie and Powell.

Consequently in the first game played at Mewata Park against Central's well-trained team, they went down to the tune of eleven to one. The only point for the Crescents was scored at the kick-off by a beautiful punt of Dick Milton's. Throughout the first half Central broke through the line at will, gaining yards at every attempt, and piled up a neat score, but in the last half the boys rallied, and with a gameness that brought applause from the crowd, drove their opponents back, holding the score within reasonable bounds. It was undoubtedly the roughest game of the series, and there was scarcely a player who didn't arrive home covered with blood and nursing bruises. Gordon Campbell, left inside, came off worst with a broken shoulder blade, and was forced to play left outside for the rest of the season, besides missing a week or two of school. However a suitable substitute was found in Rex Kendrew, and with the addition of one hundred and seventy-five pounds in the person of Hugh McBride, the team was again in shape for an encounter.

By playing careful rugby Mount Royal College was defeated 12-0 at Mewata Park, and in a closely matched game at Hillhurst Park, East Calgary also went down 10-8. McBride's heavy kicking resulted

in the Crescents gaining the winning touch-down, while Napper's runs paved the way. The final game, played at Hillhurst Park, was lost to South Calgary with a score of ? ? ? ? The play was closer than the score would indicate, most of the points being lost on fumbles. A regrettable accident in this game happened when Bill Stickney, after making a beautiful run, was thrown, resulting in a broken leg. After being laid up for three months he is now able to return to school on crutches.

In the series the Crescents, having won two games and lost two, tied for second place with South Calgary and East Calgary, while Central came first. A benefit game with Central was played to help pay for the doctor bills of the season. Crescents gave them a good game, and due to better plays and a new system of defense, held them to a scoreless tie. This marked the end of the rugby season. Outstanding players for the Crescents were—Napper, Matheson, Stickney, Rooney, Milton, Insley, and Raymond Foss.

The line-up was as follows:

Quarter, Howard Matheson; centre, George Board; inside right, Bert Austin; inside left, Rex Kendrew (Gordon Campbell); middle right, Hugh McBride; middle left, Harry Mills; right wing, Jack Insley; left wing, Bill Stickney, Raymond Foss; flying wing, Stanley Ferguson; half backs, Raymond Napper, Herb Rooney, Dick Milton; subs., Aaron Malkin, Clarence McDougal, Raymond Dunn, Raymond Foss.

Bert Austin—XIIB.

### Intermediate Rugby

The fall of the year found several boys rolling around on the ground and chasing the air-inflated "pig-skin." Finally discipline conquered and a fair team of rugby players was collected.

Two teams, namely, East Calgary and St. Mary's, fell to disastrous defeats to the tune of 16-2 and 19-0.

Crescents left all rugby knowledge in school and were defeated by South Calgary 18-6.

The next two teams, Western Canada and Commercial, were drowned in whitewash by the score of 28-0 and 29-0.

Then came the game upon which the championship depended, that with Central. Both teams turned out in full strength and the day was beautiful. The first half of the game was a tie, but in the second half C.C.I. were superior and took the game by a score of 13-6.

Lineup—Backs—McDougal, Austin, Lewis, Price; Quarterback—Callbeck; Centre—Purchase; Insides—Hoffard and Hooper; Middles—Duguid and Bishop; Outsides—Tewkesbury and Dichmont; Subs.—Kent, McCalla and McFall.





### The Juniors

Our Junior team this year succeeded in bringing back the shield to the school. Their well-merited efforts met with marked success and hard-earned victories brought the trophy back to the hill.

The Crescents were able to build up a good rugby machine this season. With five of their last year's squad and excellent material from the nines coupled with the good coaching and able assistance of Mr. Wes. Watts they turned out a dandy bunch of tacklers and open field runners.

None of the games in which the Juniors played were held up by inclement weather with the result that good crowds were always on hand to cheer the boys. At last after two weeks of practice the first scheduled game arrived. In the first game we met St. Mary's. St. Mary's opened the scoring by a nice run around the end. Crescents came back strong however and Machon went over for a touch. Soon after Frost put the Crescents ahead by a rouge. The Red and Blue continued to play good rugby and soon Machon put over a nice field goal to make the score for half-time 9-5. In the second half St. Mary's seemed to break up and Crescent pushed across two touches the first by Hutton and the second by Sinclair. The last touch was converted making the final score 20-5.

Our second game was with South Calgary. The Southerners broke into the scoring column by a kick into touch in the first quarter but the boys from the hill soon went ahead when Machon went over for a touch. Sinclair scored a nice touchdown by a run of forty yards and Standerwick scooped up a fumble to give the Crescents their third touch. Malcolm ended the scoring by a kick into touch making the score 16-1 and giving the Crescents their second victory.

Our next opponents were our old rivals, Central. This was probably the best game of the schedule. Victory for either team meant



supremacy and a large crowd turned out to help the boys. The Crescents got the jump on Central and soon had a lead of four points, a field goal by Machon and a nice rouge by Frost. Central fought back gamely and went ahead by a touchdown. The Red and Blue equalized just before the whistle for half time by a kick to the deadline. The third quarter saw Central assume the lead by a pretty field goal. Crescents however had had a lot of bad luck but finally they secured a touchdown by Machon. Standerwick closed the scoring by tackling a Central player for a rouge ending the score 11-8.

East Calgary were our next opponents and although they struggled gamely against our team they went down to a 19-0 defeat. Frost and Sinclair were the outstanding performers, Frost getting two touches and Sinclair making four sparkling end runs each over forty yards. Machon secured a touch and a field goal and Malcolm a kick in touch. This victory just about cinched the championship for the Crescents.

The fifth and final game of the schedule was against Western Canada College. Again it was the story of a weaker team against a stronger and Crescents ran roughshod over the field for a 34-0 victory. Frost counted for 20 points, Sinclair 5, Hutton 5 and Machon 4. This ended the league and gave to Crescents the Martin's shield, emblematic of the Junior rugby championship.

The Junior squad played one more game at the benefit games and easily defeated Central by 17-7 score.

Thus ended a most successful season for the Juniors and this year's team places its confidence in that of next year being able to keep the trophy on the hill.

The team lined up as follows:

Halves—Malcolm, Sinclair, Machon, Woods; End Wing—Frost, Standerwick; Middles—Francis, Boyer; Insides—James, Oberhaltzer; Centre—Pilkington; Quarter—Hutton; Subs.—Winters, Thompson, Lister, Hamilton, Wright and Butterwick.

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### Senior Hockey

Under the able coaching of Mr. Breckon Crescent Heights High School succeeded in putting on the ice a brilliant team which, during the season, played several exceptionally fine games.

The first game played in February against South Calgary ended with a score of 5-1 for the Crescents. The Dick brothers played a fine game, scoring four of the goals. In the second game, played at the Crystal, February 13th, against Central, the Red and Blues were not so fortunate, falling before a score of 3-2. Due to a lack of ice the third game was postponed. The last game was played on the 22nd at the Community rink. The game was hard fought, ending in a score of 4-0 for Centrals. All the games were well supported by good crowds. Next year we believe Crescents will have a star hockey team as several of the players will be available.

The line-up was as follows—Goal, H. Rooney; Defence: H. Matheson, J. Insley (captain); Forwards: A. Dick, E. Dick, A. MacFarlane, D. Milton, R. Foss, J. Thomson, B. Austin.



### JUNIOR HOCKEY

The boys from the North Hill this year captured the championship which last year's team so nearly annexed. This victory was due to the good coaching of Wes. Watts, who as early as the week before Christmas had the boys practice. It was not, however, until after the holiday that the team rounded into shape. Numerous practices were held and a team whittled down to meet Western Canada on January 31st.

The game did not last long until the Red and Blue shirt's "superiority complex" was revealed for the Crescents emerged at the long end of a 5-1 score.

The second game proved as interesting as the first and we again triumphed 5-0.

Up to this time we had had no real test of our hockey ability and our able coaching, but against St. Mary's it was a humdinger. The play raged from end to end, both teams having breaks but both failing to score. The second period was already half over when Drinnan beat the goalkeeper with a wicked drive. The third period was marked by the good performance of James in goal, and he kept the puck out of the nets to give us a victory.

South Calgary were our next victims and fell to the tune of 7-0. MacIvor and Frost were outstanding, MacIvor with three goals and Frost with two.

The final game was with Centrals, whom the Crescents outclassed in every department of the game, the final score being 18-0 Machon,

our hefty defence man sagged the twine for seven goals, Winters for three, Frost three, MacIvor three and Demings two.

So our hockey career of 1929 ended with the Junior hockey shield on the racks of C.H.C.I.

The teams lined up as follows:

James, goal; Machon, Frost, defence; Winters, Pilkington, MacIvor, forwards; McCaugherty, Drinnen and Demings, subs.



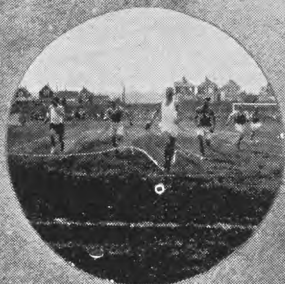
INTER-SCHOOL-ASTIC



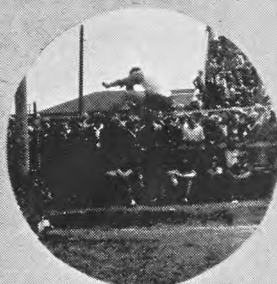
1928



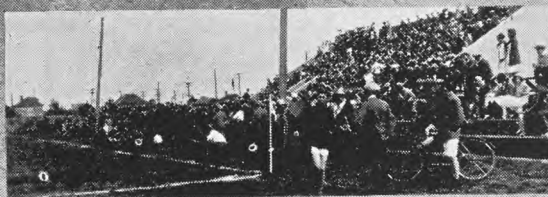
ANNUAL-GAMES



FINAL RACE



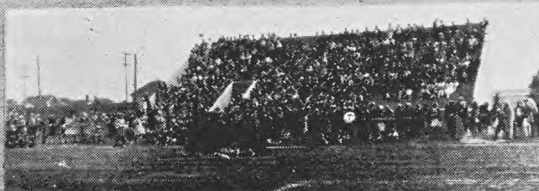
W-SMITH HIGH JUMP  
5 FT. - 4 1/4 INCHES - C.H.C.I.

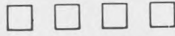


SECTION OF CROWD



GRAND STAND





### TEACHERS

When teachers, with a glare so mad,  
    Hover within the room,  
That is the time I am so sad,  
    For I must meet my doom;  
After school I always swear  
    I will my homework do,  
But who could labor at "hot air,"  
    At stuff that makes you blue.

When teachers, with a smile so grand,  
    Look upon the class,  
Then is the time for you to stand  
    And say you made a pass;  
But if they come around to mark  
    The books that have OK's,  
You'd better find some place to park  
    And stay there all your days.

Many a teacher I have met  
    In all my schooling days,  
Not one of them, I'll make a bet,  
    Deserves a lot of praise;  
So listen all my school mates, dear,  
    Trust neither smile nor frown;  
A teacher you must always fear  
    Or you yourself must drown.

G. Austin—XIB.

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### THE HILLHURST GIRLS FIRST ATTEMPT

Half a year, half a year,  
Half a year onward,  
All for the new Crescent  
Ran the two hundred.  
"Forward, the young girls!  
Charge for your books!" they said:  
Into the valley of Science  
Rushed the two hundred.

"Forward!" again they cried.  
Was there a girl dismay'd?  
Not tho' the teachers knew  
Someone still wonder'd;  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to pass or fail:  
Into the valley of Math.  
Tore the two hundred.



Teachers to right of them,  
Teachers to left of them,  
Teachers in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Stormed at with quiz and yell,  
Boldly they strode and well,  
Into the jaws of French,  
Into the mouth of Art  
Went the two hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned to stare,  
Sabring the subjects there,  
Charging their minds, while  
All the staff wonder'd;  
Plunged into Chemical smoke,  
Right thro' the Comp. they broke;  
History and Latin  
Dull'd from ambition's stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they strode on, but not—  
Not the two hundred.

Teachers to right of them,  
Teachers to left of them,  
Teachers ahead of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd;  
Stormed at with quiz and yell  
While many a heroine fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Lit.,  
Back from the mouth of Art,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of the two hundred.

When can such glory fade?  
O the great attempt they made!  
All the staff wonder'd.  
Honour the attempt they made!  
Honour the sweet girls,  
Noble two hundred!

Inez Eyres—IXG.

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Dick Milton giggled when the teacher read the story of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that do you, Dick?"

"No, sir," replied Dick, "but I wonder why he did not make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."



## A VISIT TO NATURE'S WONDERLAND

'Cross the starry vault of heaven  
Silv'ry streamers edged with golden  
Scintillate and quiver as at some fantastic game,  
Comes the sun in modest glory,  
Shyly keeping, blushing, gory,  
Tinging cloud and mountain peak all crimson with his  
flame.

Welcome shades of daylight strengthen;  
Wakened beams to westward lengthen;  
Winged darkness scurried from the grey sky overhead;  
Till, the amber light diffusing,  
Fancied shapes their vagueness losing,  
In the mellow glow of morn a wonderland lies spread.

Massive, rugged, dew be-sprinkled,  
Tower the hills all creased and wrinkled,  
Standing as they used to be long centuries ago;  
'Mid the trees with leaves a-shiver,  
Gleams a broad, majestic river,  
Like a winding ribbon in the valley far below.

Overhead the sun is risen,  
When,—prick up your ears and listen—  
Faintly echoing through the valley youthful voices float;  
Dimly in the distance blending,  
Closer 'cross the meadow wending,  
Comes a joyful band of hikers—hist the cheerful note!

What care they for city pleasures,  
While a world about them measures,  
Full of joy and revelry of Mother Nature's own,  
Where in pure untrammelled freedom,  
In the wonderland of treedom,  
They may revel, romp and ramble as if by the breezes  
blown.

Cheery swallows, sweetly singing,  
Far above the hikers winging,  
Fill their hearts with charming music from the fleecy  
clouds,  
Sunny daisies in the grasses  
Nod to all the lads and lasses,  
Welcoming these strangers from the distant city crowds.

On through sylvan glade and alley,  
Far along the fragrant valley,  
Fann'd by balmy breezes with a woodland perfume rare;  
Far from city, dull and sooty,  
Till they reach a spot of beauty  
By a rippling stream enchanting, crystal-clear and fair.

Soon a crackling fire is ready,  
 And sweet savory odors eddy  
 In among the hungry hikers, whetting high their appetite;  
 Laughing, joking, gay and merry,

They do not a minute tarry  
 To partake of tasty victuals touched by wand of woodland  
 sprite.

Then to games and frolic ramble,  
 Over cleft and crag they scramble,  
 While their joyful laughter rings throughout the live-  
 long day;

Till the sunset's timely warning,  
 Every tree in fire adorning,  
 Bids them all, 'ere evening fall, to soon be on their way.

Off they journey for the city  
 Over stream, serene and pretty,  
 Down the daisy-bowered valley clad in verdant green,  
 Deep among the trees parading,  
 Till in leafy distance fading,  
 Far away 'mid singing gay, they vanish from the scene.

Twilight shadows eastward roaming,  
 Softly gath'ring in the gloaming,  
 Lightly spread through nook and cranny, settling to  
 the west,

Dies the sunset's glowing fountain,  
 Darkness hastens o'er the mountain,—  
 Mother Nature sinks in slumber, well-deserved rest.

Bert Austin—XIIB.

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### "THE YEARLY SOB"

Three little boys, oh so blue,  
 They can't imagine what to do;  
 You can tell by the look on their face  
 That they are surely in disgrace.

Three little boys in great despair,  
 Troubled with minds, oh so bare  
 And there is only one result,  
 For neglect of work always comes out.

Three little boys are shedding tears,  
 For the waste of the precious years;  
 These young fellows are depicted by flowers,  
 Which are the results of studying nil hours.

Malc. McCallum—XIIC.

## CADET NEWS—1928 - 29

Over 200 boys were enrolled in the Crescent Heights High School Cadet Corps for the season 1927-28. Most of them being present at the Annual Inspection, May 31st, making a good impression under the able leadership of Captain Donald Mcleod.

As usual many prizes were won at target practice. In the Canadian Rifle League competition (outdoor) the following boys won spoons:

First Class—C. Iddiolls, J. W. Lewis, B. Hamilton, R. Napper, S. Gilbert and D. Powell.

Second Class—H. Mills, A. Tullock, J. Harvey, J. Petley, M. McBride, W. Davidson, J. McDougall and T. Phelps.

At the Alberta Provincial Annual Shoot, Carl Iddiolls and Jack Lewis shot well enough to get places on the Alberta team which visited the big rifle matches at Toronto and Ottawa last August. Both Carl and Jack shot well during this trip, and are going to try real hard to make the trip again this year, hoping to do still better than last year.

Jack Lewis was the first Crescent Heights High School Cadet to win the Junior Outdoor championship, also the Armstrong cup and A.R.A. medal. Other boys who won prizes during the Provincial Meet were—J. Harvey, H. Mills, E. Towick, W. Davidson and S. Gilbert.

## Season 1928-29

The Cadet Corps, like the rest of the school activities, has been somewhat upset by changing to the new school, but it was a real pleasure to have a good hall to do the training in during the cold weather, instead of a basement as previously.

Shooting practice has been in full swing since last November and after many years of trying the Juniors won the Provincial Junior Championship Shield in the Strathcona Class "A" competition. The members of the team are—R. Foss, 295; Jack Lewis, 291; J. Reid, 284; A. Saunders, 284; H. McBride, 194 (2 matches); J. Forsey, 97 (1 match).

Ray Foss tied with W. Martin of Central High School for the individual championship.

The Seniors also shot well in this competition, finishing in second place. R. Napper making 296 and C. Iddiolls 291.

In the Canadian Rifle League matches held during January, February and March, 1929, Ray Napper succeeded in winning the Gord Medal for making the highest aggregate score of 295 in the Senior class.

## Other Senior Scores—

C. Iddiolls, 293; R. Milton, 285; D. Powell, 284; W. Davidson, 283; S. Gilbert, 282.

## Junior Scores—

J. W. Lewis, 292; R. Foss, 289; I. Forbes, 286; J. Reid, 281; J. Forsey, 280; A. Saunders, 280; J. Bishop, 278; N. Betts, 268; T. Robison, 267; W. McDonald, 266; J. Gidden, 264; T. Phelps, 259; R. McDonald, 257. All the above are winners of the C. R. League Marksmen's Medals.

**Dominion Marksmen's Club**

The following boys won Marksmen's Pins:

GOLD—W. Davidson, S. Gilbert.

SILVER—J. Forsey, I. Forbes, J. Bishop, N. Betts, J. Gidden.

BRONZE—J. Reid, I. Forbes, N. Betts, J. Gidden, R. McDonald, F. Nudd, J. Bishop, G. McFall.

Signalling Certificates and Bonus were won by—W. A. Davidson and J. H. Hamilton.

**OUR HOMEWORK**

What is it makes our heads to reel  
And hurry home with hurrying heel  
And bolt in haste our evening meal?  
—Our Homework.

What is the cause that one bright light  
Should burn far, far into the night  
Should flare with strong and steady might?  
—Our Homework.

What makes us then to leave our cot  
And seek a still and quiet spot  
Where free from noise we do our lot?  
—Our Homework.

Although we rose at early seven  
And went to bed far past eleven  
He had our sleep, by headaches riven—  
—Our Homework.

Julia Glambeck—IXA.

“Frosty”—“Say, is your dog clever?”

Don Sinclair—“Clever, I should say so. When I say, ‘Are you coming or aren’t you?’ he comes or he doesn’t.”

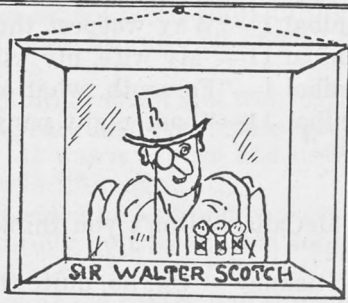
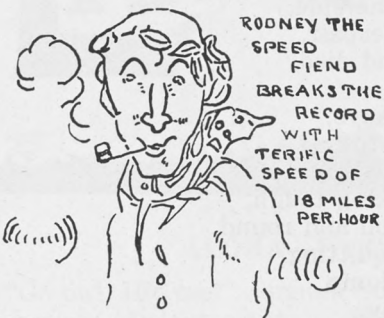
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The flapper co-ed went up to the young professor and said, “Profy, dear, what are my marks?”

He put his arms around her and whispered sweet little nothings in her ear.



• • C.H.C.I. • •



MALE.



## TWO FROGS

According to a fable old  
 Two frogs one sunny day  
 Were sporting near a crock of cream  
 And both fell in, they say;  
 The crock was only partly full,  
 They could not climb the side,  
 And one of them was in despair,  
 He promptly gasped and died.

The other frog, the fable says,  
 Was made of sterner stuff;  
 Although he naturally thought  
 That things were breaking tough,  
 He started swimming round and round  
 Without a thought of quitting,  
 And in the morning, on a lump  
 Of butter he was sitting.

The moral to this little tale  
 Is surely plain to see—  
 The frog who died, was very dead,  
 But didn't need to be;  
 The one who lived was one of those  
 Who'd rather swim than sink;  
 And now perhaps this little yarn  
 Will cause us all to think.

G. Machon—XIIC.

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Cannibal 1—"Why weepest thou?"

Cannibal 11—"My wife, my wife, the pride of my heart!"

Cannibal 1—"Forsooth, what of it?"

Cannibal 11—"Last night pangs of hunger forced me to swallow my pride."

\* \* \* \*

Bill McCalla—"Don't you think that horseback riding gives one a headache?"

Bill Stickney—"Oh, no, quite the reverse."

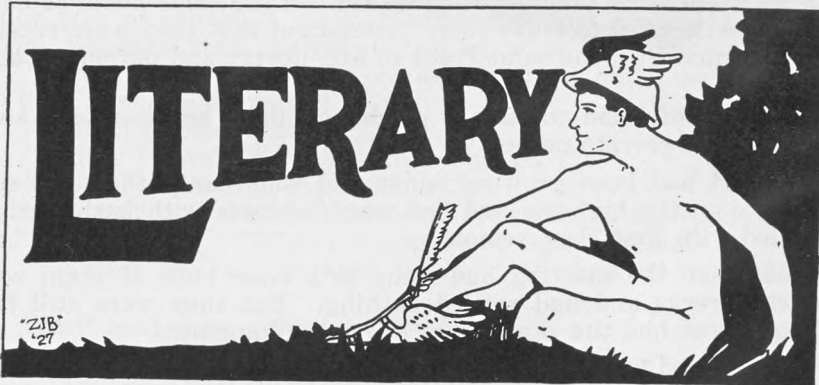
\* \* \* \*

Mr. Laurie—"I have called you in, Arnold, to say that when I am not here you are the laziest man in the school."

\* \* \* \*

A small boy entered a musician's shop for a mouth-organ, but he had forgotten the name of the instrument. After a brief pause he said, "I want one of those things you rub on your face and it sings."





### ALOHA—FAREWELL TO THEE

"Go on! Hit me!" shouted Stan Watkins as Boyd Richards raised his hockey stick upwards. "It'd be about your calibre, knowing I haven't a stick."

"How come you ain't got one?" taunted Boyd. "You were playing hockey too weren't you?"

"Yeah; but someone swiped it," admitted Stan. "But that don't mean you can't get your money's worth. Put down your stick and come on. I'll fight you all the way from soda water to pop."

"No sooner said than done," grinned Boyd, tossing his stick to the sidewalk.

Then he made a wild rush for Watkins and met up with a hard and discouraging fist. He staggered back, grunted his rage, and was more careful the next lunge.

And there they fought, two High school boys, right in the middle of the road with no witness to the fracas, all rules off and all night to do it in.

They took turns at knocking each other down and waiting for each other to get up. They sacked noses, ears and eyes; they peeled skin off faces, knuckles and even knees. It was a painful and useless procedure all the way through, but it was thorough.

An hour had passed when each decided he had had enough, though neither admitted it. They just naturally quit by mutual consent and because they were physically unable to carry on further.

Then, limping painfully, each sought his skates and groaned as he went his respective way.

And a girl was the cause of it all.

Delores Carlton had come to the new school to finish her senior year, but it seemed as if she was accomplishing a lot more than that.

Stan and Boyd, up to this time the best of friends, became rivals all on a summer's day, and now look at the darn things!

Delores was impartial. She went, first with one to a dance or party and then with the other. She treated them both alike, danced

with each the same number of times, smiled the same smile at both, and otherwise tried to make them understand that they were created free and equal with the same right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

But both of them wanted to catch happiness and hogtie it so it would become private property.

The rift had been growing wider and wider until they had met by chance on the highway and had words—words with barbed edges and filled with first class venom.

And when the meeting had come to a close both of them were physical wrecks and had settled nothing. But they were still free and equal and had the same right to pursue happiness.

Stan figured he had a little the edge on Boyd with Delores, for he played the harmonica after a fashion—oh, only a couple of tunes—"Home, Sweet Home," and "Valencia," whereas Boyd could play only the jews harp, which never got him very far in society.

Stan's ambition was to become a great harmonica player. He wanted to be able to surprise folks some night at a party, say, and a goodly crowd would be there having a heck of a time. Then some one would say:

"C'mon, Stan, shake us up a tune."

And then Boyd or somebody would growl: "Aw, heck, he only knows two tunes and they're both so old they need a shave."

At which time Stan would take his new harmonica from his pocket and dash off melody after melody—soulful, sentimental music—till girls would weep and boys would cough and turn away.

That's what Stan pined to do, but in the first place he didn't know any other tunes all the way through, and then, too, there was something lacking in the way he blew the darn thing.

The appearance of Teddy Webster at the High school proved virtually a godsend to Stan. Webster was a new student, who had just come from DeMoines, Ohio, and was valiantly striving to figure out what the north western idea of education was.

Finally one day Stan found Webster playing a harmonica so softly and sweetly that it almost knocked him for a row of half-tones.

"My gosh! That's the most beautifulliest dang tune I ever heard," To Stan it was like a flock of well-trained angels humming an ecstatic refrain.

"Feller, you're one swell harmonicist," he told Webster. If I could play like that I'd give—why—anything I got. Could a feller learn to play like that, you reckon?"

"Sure, no trick at all," said Webster. "Just takes practice."

"Could you teach me to play that tune?" Stan wondered.

"Sure, in time," answered Teddy Webster.

"Would you do it for—say—five bucks?"

"Sure," replied Webster, and straightway began to take interest.

"Can I take a lesson now?" wondered Stan. Teddy Webster didn't know why he shouldn't. But he advised against it while in the school room. So they went out behind the school and sat down.

"That there tune you played awhile ago—that's the one I crave to play. What's its name?"

"Aloha," replied Teddy.

"Huh? Lower? I ain't talking loud am I?"

"Aloha," repeated Teddy, louder.

"My gosh! It wouldn't make no difference if somebody did hear us," argued Stan. "What's the name of that darn tune?"

"Farewell to Thee," grinned Teddy. "Aloha is the Hawaiian name for it."

"Oh!" said Stan. "Well, let's get going."

So that was the first lesson. But there were many after that, and soon Stan was waiting for the day when he would be able to play Aloha before Delores at a party.

Then one day Boyd was demonstrating the intricate workings of a jews harp to a pal when Webster strolled up and inquired if he (Boyd) could play a jews harp.

"Yes," replied Boyd. "Can you?"

"Sure! Got one in my pocket." And taking it out he whanged off a tune.

"Man that's music," admired Boyd. "Could you teach a feller to play like that for—say—five bucks?"

"Sure," said Teddy Webster. "Only takes practice."

"What was the name of that tune?"

"Farewell to Thee, a kind of Hawaiian tune," said Teddy. "Like it?"

"Purtiest darn tune I ever wrapped an ear around. I want to play that one."

So another musician learned to play "Aloha" and cheerfully awaited the day when he could play it before his lady-fair.

Then the time came when both Stan and Boyd graduated. That was the day Teddy wanted ten dollars to take out a certain party on that certain evening. It was also the same day that Boyd and Stan had planned to make their long-awaited debut.

Finally evening came and the scene was set. Delores hurriedly took a final look at herself in the mirror and seeming quite satisfied with the reflection ran lightly down stairs where her caller was resignedly waiting.

Meanwhile the bitter rivals were both sauntering happily towards Delores' home, each from opposite directions. As they approached the house Delores and Teddy Webster walked down the steps and crossed the street.

Dumfoundedly Boyd and Stan watched the two depart, looked at each other, silently shook hands, sat on the steps and mournfully began to play their newly learned tune, "Farewell to Thee."

Edwin G. Callbeck—XIIB, C.H.C.I.



### PICNIC

One afternoon last September, our students assembled at St. George's Island for our Annual Picnic. During the afternoon marvelous displays of athletic ability were given by both girls and boys in the jumping, running, and throwing events, which were run off with the assistance of the Staff and Captain, A. H. Ferguson, to whom we take this opportunity to offer our thanks. The cup donated for supremacy in athletics was won by XIIB. At the conclusion of the field events, the call for supper was given, and the students responded energetically and eagerly. This interesting portion of the programme was conducted by the Parent Teachers' Association, in their usual capable manner. With this closed a very enjoyable social afternoon, at which all the students had had a good time.

### VALENTINE BOX SOCIAL

On Thursday noon, February 14th, the Girls' Athletic Association held their annual Box Social. The assembly hall was nicely decorated with paper streamers in red and blue, while the tables in the centre with their fancy boxes attracted the boy-buyers. Miss Todd, Mr. Laurie, and Mr. Ferguson judged the best-decorated box from each grade, which were auctioned off to start the sale. The winners of the prizes were—Angeline Strom, XIIC; Aileen Noble, XID; Goldie Middleton, XD; Dorothy Hammer, IXG, and Marjorie Webb ? ? ? . The remaining lunches having either been auctioned or sold, dinner was eaten. Immediately following the meal there were two contests—A word competition and a Valentine poem. The winners of the poem contest were—Bert Austin, XIIA; Miss Clark, XA, and Gordon Machon, XIIC; and the word contest—(1) Dawson Callbeck, (2) Blanche Smiley, Don MacLeod; (3) Jean Sherman, Mary Bateman, Howard Matheson.

### SKATING PARTY

Early in February the Boys' Athletic Association held a skating party at Hillhurst Park. The programme consisted of skating to a band and racing. A large crowd attended, enjoying themselves in spite of a rather chilly evening and a crowded dressing room.

## BANQUET

On March 8th, the tenth annual Athletic Banquet put on by the Parent-Teachers' Association in their usual capable manner, took place in the assembly hall of the school. An excellent programme of toasts, speeches and singing, followed the meal. At the conclusion of this the presentations of individual and team awards were made. Violin solos and two readings added much to the fine programme. Each speaker noted that this was the first Banquet in the new school and that we had indeed taken a forward step in our school life. Mention was also made of a "School Spirit" without which we cannot "Grow as we go" even in a new building. With the singing of Auld Lang Syne concluded what had been the most successful Athletic Banquet in our School history.

## PRIZE LIST

## Short Story—

1—M. P. Martyn, XA. 2—A. Huntington, XD. 3—E. G. Callbeck, XIIB. 4—A Godfrey, XB.

## Poem—

1—I. Bentley, XC; B. Austin, XIIB. 2—H. Matheson, XIIA.

Humorous Paraphrase—H. D. McBride, XIII.

Humorous Poem—G. Austin, XIB.

## Cartoons—

1—J. Lem, XIC. 2—J. MacDougall, XD. 3—M. McLean, XIIC.

4—M. McCallum, XIIC.

Jokes—G. White, XC; A. Moir, XID.

Marshall—"Dawson, what regiment are you going to join in the next war? Cavalry?"

Dawson—"No fear, Marshall. When they sound the retreat I don't want to be hampered by a horse."

\* \* \* \*

Absent-minded Professor—"Is there anyone under that bed?"

Escaped Convict (hiding)—"Not a soul."

Absent-minded Professor—"That's funny. I'd have sworn that I heard somebody."

\* \* \* \*

"I vant some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's."

"Scented?"

"No, I vill take it mit me."

\* \* \* \*

Raising hob—

Mr. Brecken—"What is the greatest water-power known to man?"

Daisy Wray—"Woman's tears."

## EXCHANGES

VOX COLLEGIENSIS, St. Catherines—

Yours for success. You deserve it.

THE Y ORGAGEUR, Richering College, Newmarket—

One of our best exchanges. Every feature of your magazine is good.

REGINA COLLEGE REGISTRAR, Regina Sask.—

We think your class notes are excellent. A good all-round Year Book.

HELLO, Brantford Collegiate Institute, Brantford, Ont.—

Don't you think you can improve your cover. Your foreign section is exceptionally good.

NORTHLAND ECHO, North Bay, Ont.—

Your Magazine is exceptionally well illustrated. You have a large exchange list. Siam, and what have you?

THE SPOTLIGHT, Lethbridge, Alta.—

The Spotlight compare favorably with any exchange so far. We gather that your Literary Societies play an active part in the life of Lethbridge High school.

YE FLAME, Regina Central Collegiate, Regina, Sask.—

We are delighted to have had the privilege of looking over your Magazine. Ye Flame is an example for any High School Magazine to follow.

THE HERMES, N.C.I., Saskatoon, Sask.—

A well organized little Magazine. Apparently your motto is quality rather than quantity.

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK, Ross and Central Collegiate—

A good Magazine; a case of two heads being better than one.

C.C.I. ANALECTA—

Hello, Central. Your cover design is excellent. The cartoons are good, the literary section is good, the photography is good, in fact everything is good.

THE COLLEGIATE, Sarnia, Ont.—

A well illustrated, well laid out, well written Year Book. Come again, any exchange editor will welcome you with open arms.

ACTA LUDI, Oshawa Collegiate Institute, Oshawa, Ont.—

An excellent cover design. Your jokes are good. Here's another: Theo (watching a fire)—"It's a good fire, aye?"

Mr. Smith (French teacher)—"Yes, indeed, it's a bon fire."

THE LANTERN, B.R.C.I., Saskatoon, Sask.—

A hot Magazine. May you continue to be a flaming success.



## THE BOOTLEGGER OF SHALOTT

## Part I.

On either side of the river lie  
Large cases of beer, Scotch and rye,  
Pile on pile, till they meet the sky;  
And through the field the road runs by  
    To many-towered Camelot,  
And up and down the people go;  
While some of them will come I know  
Round an island there below  
    To the still of Shalott.

Like the slight aspens that quiver  
Many a man has given a shiver  
Just like a rattling, old flivver,  
As he sailed on the mighty river  
    Down to Camelot;  
Four grey walls and four grey towers  
Overlook a space of flowers,  
And the silent isle embowers  
    The owner of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
Slide the heavy barges trailed  
By slow horses and unhailed  
The whiskey-loaded boat has sailed  
    Down to Camelot;  
The bootlegger vows he'll ne'er be caught,  
For by his father he was taught;  
For many years the police have sought  
    But never found Shalott.

Only those who work in silence,  
Are allowed within the fence;  
Outside the ladies and the gents  
Get the whiskey for their pence  
    Near Camelot;  
At night the workers load the boats  
The owner gets a million notes  
And then away the stuff he totes  
    From fair Shalott.

## Part II.

There he makes it night and day  
A magic booze with colours gay;  
Many letters come that say:  
"Make some gin that is colored gray  
    At the still near Camelot."  
He tried all ways that he could see,  
He tried to make it steadily,  
And little other care had he,  
    The owner of Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of soldiers glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad;  
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,  
To drink the booze which sends them mad,  
Come from Camelot;  
And sometimes cross the ocean blue,  
Rich Americans, two by two,  
Come to drink and also view  
Shalott.

But in one thing he still delights  
To make the booze which spoils the sights,  
And often through the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
And music, goes to Camelot;  
For when the moon was overhead  
His men with guns, he often led  
And many people were shot dead;  
Yet lived he on, at Shalott.

### Part III.

Then came the melancholy date;  
Betrayed by a revengeful mate,  
The police were led to where he sate;  
So loudly banged they on the gate  
'Twas heard in Camelot;  
The men then knew someone did tattle,  
Quickly they prepared for battle,  
Soon was heard the guns' loud rattle  
At Shalott.

Lead flew there and lead flew here,  
Some did catch it in the ear,  
From the cases flowed the beer,  
People came from far and near,  
To Camelot;  
Then the police began to shout,  
For all the gangsters had run out,  
Except one man who had the gout  
In Shalott.

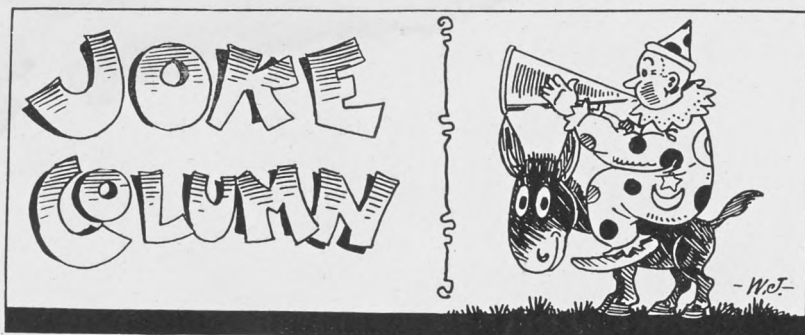
The police then charged without delay,  
All the gangsters' hair turned grey,  
They flung down guns and began to pray;  
Many were laid beneath the clay  
At Camelot;  
All o'er the world the tale was told,  
They never heard of one so bold,  
But in the grave he now lies cold,  
Poor owner of Shalott.

G. Austin—XIB.



CHAS. F. REILLY, M.A., B.Sc.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Chas. F. Reilly, M.A., B.Sc., on his recent appointment to the position of Magistrate at Waterton Lakes. Mr. Reilly was a member of the C.H.C.I. staff, 1927-28, and is at present on the staff at East Calgary High School. Now we know where to spend our summer holidays!



Two Highlanders were on a visit to London, when a watering cart passed them on the street. Donald was very much excited and shouted at the top of his voice, "Hey, mon! Yer losing all yer watter."

Angus turned to Donald and said: "Hoots, mon, dinna show yer ignorance; that's tae keep the bairns frae hingin' on behind."

\* \* \* \*

Young Lady—"Druggist can you fix up a dose of castor oil so that it won't taste?"

Druggist—"Certainly; if you'll wait a few minutes, I will fix you up. Will you have a drink of soda while you are waiting?"

Young Lady—"Thank you, yes."

(Druggist disappeared behind partition to reappear a few minutes later).

Druggist—"Is that all you require?"

Young Lady—"Yes, thank you. Is it ready?"

Druggist—"You've just drunk it."

Young Lady—"Goodness, gracious, that was for mother."

\* \* \* \*

Whilst the captain was taking kit inspection he noticed that Pte. Brown had no tooth brush.

"Where's your tooth brush?" he demanded.

"Here, sir," said Pte. Brown, producing a large scrubbing brush.

"You don't mean to tell me that you can get that thing into your mouth?" shouted the Capt., angrily.

"No sir," replied Brown, without changing his expression; "I take my teeth out."

\* \* \* \*

Tramp—"Kin I cut your grass for a meal, mum?"

Lady—"Our lawn mower is broken. I'd rather you'd eat it right off the ground."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Isaac—"Vake up, Isaac! A burglar is trying to get in."

Isaac—"Vell wait till he opens de vindow und I shoot."

"Vy don't you shoot now?"

"Vatt! Und break a pane of glass?"

Officer—"Now tell me what is your idea of strategy?"

Private—"It's when you don't let the enemy know that you're out of ammunition but keep right on firing."

\* \* \* \*

Gerry Thompson—"Can you define matrimony?"

Bill Arnold—"You go to adore, you ring a belle, you give your name to a maid—and then you're taken in!"

\* \* \* \*

A stranger addressed the farmer's boy across the fence:

"Young man your corn looks kind o' yellow."

"Yaa, that's the kind we planted."

"It looks as if you would not get more than half a crop."

"Don't expect to. The landlord gets the other half."

Then after a pause the man said:

"Boy, there isn't much difference between you and a fool."

"No," replied the boy, "only the fence!"

\* \* \* \*

Automobile Salesman—"With each car purchased we give a joke book."

Prospective Buyer—"A joke book?"

Auto Salesman—"Yes, that's just to keep the owner in good humor while he's fixing the car."

\* \* \* \*

Father—"How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, young man?"

Malcolm Kent—"Great! Great!!"

\* \* \* \*

Muriel Boundy (sitting on Gordon's knee in a crowded Crescent Heights street car)—"Kinda crowded, eh?"

Gordon—"Yeh! How do you like riding on my knee?"

Muriel—"Oh, I think it would be lots more fun riding on a real donkey."

\* \* \* \*

Billy and Scotty had only a cent between them, so they both got on the scale at once, divided the total by two and went away happily.

\* \* \* \*

"Are those potatoes new?"

"Madam, they haven't opened their eyes yet."

\* \* \* \*

Note presented to Mr. M. Watts:

"Kindly excuse Jack's absence from school yesterday. He fell in the ditch and got his pants muddy. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

## School Equipmet - School Supplies - Books Stationery - Sporting Goods

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CALGARY

Large Catalogue Free on Request

Mr. MacLeod—"Why are the days longer in summer?"

Milton (anxious to show his wide scientific knowledge)—"Because the weather's warmer and they therefore expand."

\* \* \* \*

A Scotchman called at the Lost Property Office of Scotland office and enquired—"If anybody had found a 3d. bit with a hole in it and the date 1923." On being informed that no report had been received he said he would call again. He called the following Monday and found the roadway up. "Tuts, tuts!" he said to the officer, "I didn't mean you to take all that trouble!"

\* \* \* \*

Maid (reporting)—"There's a man at the door with a wooden leg, mum."

"Thank you, Maggie. We don't need any."

\* \* \* \*

Sightseeing Guide—"And ladies and gentlemen, on your right you see a monument erected to a noble cause."

Inquisitive Old Lady—"And what does it stand for?"

Guide (sarcastically)—"Because it would look silly lying down."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Hollingshead—"Tell me one of the things chemistry has given to the world."

Machon—"Blondes."



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Camping and Fishing  
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Bathing and Outing  
Clothing

A Weary Willie had tramped about Aberdeen for the best part of a day without meeting with success, so much so, that, in desperation he ascended to the top flat of a tenement and knocking at the door, asked the good lady of the house for 2c for a bed. "Bring it up till I see what like it is," she replied.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. McLeod—"Give for any one year the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States."

Hutton—"1491—None."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. M. Watts—"Take this sentence, 'the Indian sneaked silently into the wigwam.' What tense?"

"Sparky—"His sweetie's, I suppose."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Smith—"Allan, translate this phrase, 'Pas de deux.'"

Allan Dick (thinking quickly)—"Father of twins."

\* \* \* \*

Pete Dichmont—(Almost out of cash, went into a telegraph office. He wanted to telegraph to his folks. He asked the clerk the charge and was told 5c a word and no charge for signature). Pete thought for some time and then said, "Well, I may not look it, but I'm an Indian, and my name is 'I-Won't-Be-Home-Till-Friday.' Please send my signature."

# **A. J. Harrison & Herbert J. Akitt**

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Mr. W. A. Sparling—who has repaired Calgary's watches for over  
twenty years.

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CALGARY, Alberta

## **NERVES**

All summer long, Knarlson, the giant Swede, had been crossing the lonely stretch of fine woodland belonging to the Great British Columbia Lumber Company. Now late fall was upon him and his lonely work as guard was almost over for, with the first snow, the loggers would arrive. Throughout the entire summer, Knarlson had seen no human save old Johnson, the trapper, once in the early spring, and the forest rangers high in their planes twice a month. The solemnity and the weired loneliness were catching a firm hold upon his nerve.

The sun slowly sank into a cradle of dark gray clouds and Knarlson, having eaten his supper, had turned into his cabin bunk. For some time his tense nerves refused to relax, but soon his abundance of open air exercise began to tell and he fell into a troubled slumber.

Knarlson awoke, and hastily wiped the sleep from his heavy eyes, sat up. There was something on the roof! The stove pipe that served as a chimney moved! Knarlson grabbed .303 Winchester and stepping to the door unbarred it and opened it, peered out into the night. The night was dark but, by a fitful gleam of moonlight, Knarlson saw the flash of naked steel. Crack! Crack! barked the Winchester as Knarlson opened fire on the midnight marauder. After the shots, silence, terrifying silence. Knarlson looked out again, he saw nothing all was dark. A gust of wind, a slight rustle and again the cruel gleam of steel.

# *STUDENTS*



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—of keeping school memories fresh.

## *Miss Faudry*

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Note New Address : 507 Leeson & Lineham Blk.

PHONE M 1340

Now the usually courageous Knarlson was terrified. He slammed and barred the door. With the Winchester still clutched in his hand he clambered into his bunk with record speed. He lay there, his gigantic body quivering with fear. Again the noise on the roof and that rustle just the other side of the door. Something in Knarlson's mind snapped, all was black, he fainted.

Sunlight shone over the firs decorated with fluffy, new fallen snow but no smoke came from the cabin chimney as the noisy, rollicking logging crew began to arrive in the clearing. The "Boss" banged merrily upon Knarlson's door and yelled, "Come on lazybones, get, it's almost noon." When Knarlson conquered his fear and admitted the "boys" he was still pale and terrified. The "boys" thought him ill, but asked him the matter anyway.

His explanation given very bravely about his night's experiences was at first believed by all. But as no trace could be found in the neighborhood the crew began to believe the occurrence a nightmare. Knarlson's absolute certainty and sincerity convinced the "Boss" that it was no dream so he privately investigated the surroundings with minute care. This resulted in the following being revealed—the thing on the roof was nothing more harmful than a stiff piece of loose tarpaper flapping against the loose stovepipe causing it to move slightly, the knife, in the moonlight, as an empty tomato can with a partially attached paper cover which moved in the breeze to cover and uncover the shiny tin surface. Knarlson's two rifle slugs lodged in a nearby fir.

# W. J. OLIVER

*Photographer*

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CALGARY, Alberta

The boys were inclined to tease the big Swede about his case of nerves, but he took it all in silence and, at the first opportunity, left for town. We did not see him again.

The "Boss" just received a letter from Knarlson. He is in Toronto now working as an auto mechanic and is getting a night school education. He said that his nerve had returned, but never again does he wish to live for a summer alone, with Nature, in any forest on earth.

Arthur Godfrey—XB.

## Solomon Up-To-Date

Beauty is often only skin dope.

Give a girl an inch and she will make a dress of it.

Whom the juries would acquit they first make mad.

Gold Digger version, "Nobody loves a flat man."

A drink in time will save nine, if it's wood alcohol.

Blood is thicker than water, but neither can touch post-office ink.

From the maxims of a cave man—Faint clout never won fair lady.

An honest confession is good for the soul, also for a front-page story.

\* \* \* \*

"If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you."

"Well, I can't hold this expression much longer."

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### JOKES

Mr. Brecken—"Give me a definition for Perpetual Motion."

Leslie Brown—"A Scotchman chasing a Jew for a sixpence."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Watts (in Comp. Class)—"And now, Miss Scott, what is it when I say, I love, you love, he loves?"

Miss Scott—"That's one of those triangles where somebody always gets shot!"

\* \* \* \*

Mike—"You don't look well."

Ike—"No. I have just been unconscious for eight hours."

Mike—"Heavens! What was wrong?"

Ike—"Nothing—I was just asleep."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Laurie (checking the attendance)—"Anybody here who hasn't come this morning?"

\* \* \* \*

Inspector to Miss Giles (as his glance falls on Dick)—"What an innocent look that boy has on his face."

Miss Giles—"I hadn't noticed it," (then raising her voice) "Stand-erwick, what have you been doing?"

\* \* \* \*

Hugh McBride and Russ Wood saw a zebra for the first time.

"What kind of an animal is that?" asked Hugh.

Russ gazed for some moments, then said:

"Why that's a sport model jackass."

\* \* \* \*

"Who's that behind us, Pete?" asked Bill, as a car honked.

"Only a flapper in a roadster," said Pete.

Bill hurled his wheel over, swerved the car off the road, crashed through a fence and turned turtle.

"Thank Heaven we escaped!" he muttered.

McBride—"I got an invitation to a wedding today, and its got 'R.S.V.P.' printed at the end. What does it stand for?"

Napper—"It means: Rush in, Shake hands, Vittle up and Pass out."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Styles—"I hear that you were at the bottom of the class this month, Tommy."

Tommy—"It wasn't my fault. Lem got excused from his exams. on account of sickness."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Frame—"Name some liquid that won't freeze."

Edward Swiffen—"Hot water."

\* \* \* \*

Gordon Machon, the new assistant in the Seed Shop, was having a harassing time. Someone had ordered a package of potato seeds. He had spent two unsuccessful hours hunting and he went to tell the boss.

"You idiot," roared the good man.

"Potatoes don't have seeds, someone has pulled your leg."

Gordon returned to the counter a little discomfited.

Soon a customer entered, and asked for some bird seed.

Gordon leaned over the counter and waggled a finger at him.

"Go on," he said. "I won't be fooled a second time, birds are hatched out of eggs."

\* \* \* \*

Lines of golfers all remind us

We can top and slice and hook,

And departing leave behind us

Words you won't find in a book.

\* \* \* \*

Stead Hooper says—

Both beautiful and dumb

My own true love must be;

Beautiful, so I'll love her—

And dumb, so she'll love me.

\* \* \* \*

An Oriental paper having an English section printed the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border somber. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

\* \* \* \*

WANTED—A fountain pen which can't run dry just as Mr. Ferguson says, "Class, paper for writing."

\* \* \* \*

Gordon Campbell (Flipping a coin)—"Heads I go to a show, tails I go to a dance, and on edge, I do homework."



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Knabe, Willis, Chickering and the World-Renowned Ampico Re-enacting Pianos.

Muriel—"What is your worst sin?"

Margaret—"Vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty."

Muriel—"That isn't vanity, dear—that's imagination."

\* \* \* \*

And from the depths of the sedan

There came a muffled curse.

He was trying to fold a road map

Same as it was at first.

\* \* \* \*

"You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear."

That was often said to mothers by the girls of yesteryear.

But the girls now tell their maters, as they start out for a spin:

"You must wake up early, someone's got to let me in."

\* \* \* \*

Here lies the body of Samuel Crane,

Who ran a race with a speeding train;

He reached the track, got near across,

But Sam and his car were a total loss.

The sexton softly tolled his knell,

Speeding Sam on his way to—well,

If he'd only stopped to look and listen

He'd be livin' now instead of missin'.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Asselstine—"Will you join me in a bowl of soup?"

Mr. M. Watts—"Do you think there'd be room for both of us?"

\* \* \* \*

Bruce Harvey had been to the zoo for the first time, and was giving his father a long account of what he had seen.

"And which animal did you like the best?" asked his father, when Bruce had finished.

"Oh, the elephant!" was the reply. "It was wonderful to see him picking up buns with his vacuum cleaner!"

# HOLIDAY INDISPENSABLES

Wherever you decide to holiday this year you're almost certain to need golf clubs or tennis racquet. At Eaton's you will find an excellent selection of both—in dependable makes, and at distinctly reasonable pricings. For instance:

## Matched Golf Clubs

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Cecil	-	-	-	-	\$1.95
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Eatonia	-	-	-	-	6.50
Slazengers, Waverly	-	-	-	-	8.75
Slazengers, Birkdale	-	-	-	-	10.00
Waterproof Racquet covers	-	-	-	-	.35
Tennis Ball Nets	-	-	-	-	.15

### BALLS

Wright and Ditson	-	-	-	.50
Slazenger Demon	-	-	-	.50
Slazenger 1929 Hardcourt	-	-	-	.60
Practice Balls	-	-	-	.25

Basement.

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## LIFE'S RIVER

We come from haunts of girls and boys,  
To make a sudden sally,  
And sparkle out among our joys,  
To bicker down life's valley.

By thirty lessons we hurry round,  
Or slip by all the teachers,  
By twenty rooms our little town,  
And half a score of teachers.

Till last by Grade XII we flow,  
To join life's brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
Meeting life without a quiver.

We chatter on through stormy days,  
In little stops and starts,  
To bubble into eddying plays  
Or babble on in parts.

With many a curve our course we fret,  
By many a pass and failure,  
And many a fairy dream is set,  
With beauty for the future.

We wander about, in and out,  
With here a faint hope sailing,  
And here and there a trial route,  
And here and there a failing.

And here and there a happy flake  
Sees us as we travel,  
Trusting to a lucky break,  
To show us golden gravel.

We study, study as we go  
To join life's brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But can't go on forever.

Inez Eyres—IXG.

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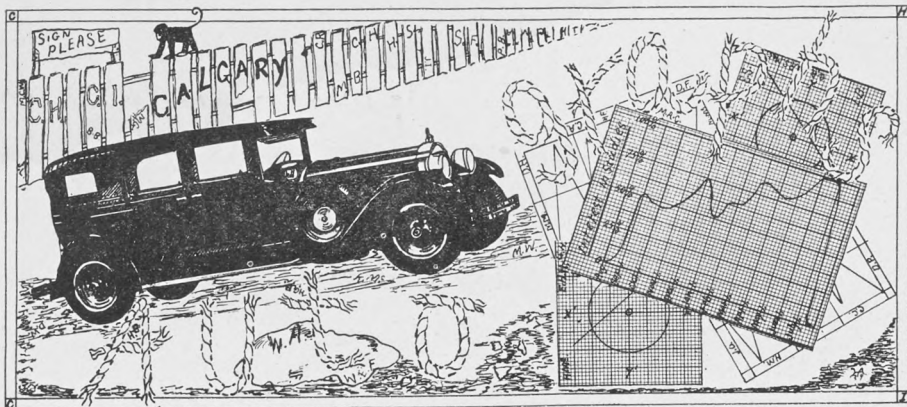
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<i>R. Smathers</i>	<i>D.L. Field</i>	<i>H.E. W. Taul</i>
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## STAR SHOE STORE

(Next door to Capitol Theatre)

Teacher—"Don, how many days are there in each month?"

Don—"Thirty days hath September,  
All the rest I can't remember;  
The calendar hangs on the wall,  
So why bother me at all?"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. J. D. Ferguson—"In which of his battles was Alexander, the Great, killed?"

Hugh McBride—"I think it was his last."

\* \* \* \*

Sung by Dick Milton:

Latin is a language dead,  
As dead as dead can be;  
It killed off all the Romans,  
And now it's killing me.

\* \* \* \*

Jerry Thompson was asked why he had hit Denny Swiffen.

"He called me a rhinoceros."

"When did this happen?"

"About three years ago."

"Three years ago! Well why did you wait till today to get even?"

"Well, you see, I never saw one until this morning."



### SMILES

I made a speech that caused a smile  
 To brighten all the faces there;  
 That time has passed—now all the while  
 I find that smiles are very rare.  
 Now when I speak—when I begin  
 I find instead of smiles, a grin.

I used to saunter down the street  
 And all the ladies smiled at me;  
 And now my down-fall is complete  
 As anyone can plainly see;  
 The ones that smiled long years ago  
 Now snicker at my steps so slow.

When I was young, my sweetheart smiled  
 And smiles brought sunshine to my life;  
 But now by smiles I'm not beguiled  
 For this fair sweetheart is my wife,  
 And now instead of smiles, you see,  
 When I appear she laughs at me.

## A Benefit to the Growing Boy or Girl

SO  
WHOLESOME  
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For those who study—For those who don't !

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### THE BUGLE CALL

The bugle is used to sound the advance,  
Of an army moving to battle,  
And those who study their books in advance,  
Are able to meet life's battle.

So listen, my friends, to the bugle call,  
Mathematics, History and Trig.  
For some day, if you have heeded the call,  
You may be wearing a wig.

The bugle also sounds the retreat,  
But listen not to its call,  
For if you do, it will spell defeat  
And surely cause you to fall.

Now listen, good folks, to the bugle call,  
Arthur Dash repairs shoes right,  
Every shoe he repairs for one and all,  
Is suited for heavy or light.

## Arthur Dash's Shoe Repair

815D Centre Street (West Side)



Shoes may be left at 105 9th Ave. N.W.

"It's not what you PAY, but what you get that PAYS"

M 1591

— PHONES —

H 2347

### On To His Curves

"Bow ties are artistic," said Trent  
"And show a man's natural bent."  
"Well, though not artistic," said Beggs  
"The same thing is true of bow legs."

\* \* \* \*

"What letter comes after 'H'?" demanded the teacher.

"Please miss, I don't know," said Tommy.

"Well, what have I on each side of my nose?" pressed the teacher.

"Looks like powder, miss," said Tommy.

\* \* \* \*

Father—"Now Johnny, you've been at school a long time. What is the wife of an Indian called?"

Johnny—"A squaw, dad."

Father—"Good, and can you tell me what his child is?"

Johnny—"A squawler."

\* \* \* \*

### Do You Talk Trigonometry?

Dwight was in front of the bank clerk and had handed him a check.

"Please give me my money."

"Sin please Sin," said the bank clerk.

"Of Cos of Cos," replied Dwight as he took up the pen.



For seventeen years we have endeavored to give  
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A boy was found by the manager of an hotel cleaning boots in the bedroom corridor and he was told that his work must be done in the basement.

"That's impossible," answered the lad. "This pair of boots belong to a gentleman from Aberdeen, and he is holding the laces on the other side of the bedroom door."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Watts—"Parse this sentence, 'Tom married Jane.'"

Ernest Stark—"Tom is a noun because he is the name of something. Married is a conjunction because it joins Tom and Jane; and Jane is a verb because she governs the noun."

\* \* \* \*

Judge—"What is the charge, officer?"

Officer—"Driving while in a state of extreme infatuation."

\* \* \* \*

Scotty—"You haven't paid back that ten dollars you borrowed from me yet."

Campbell—"When did I borrow ten dollars off of you?"

Scotty—"Once when you were drunk."

Campbell—"Well, I paid you back."

Scotty—"When?"

Campbell—"Once when you were drunk."

## Watches for Young Ladies and Men



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### IN LOVE

On the eve of her Grade XII examinations Jennie sat in tears. It took some persuasion and coaxing to get her to confide in me. Finally she began to brighten up, as she thought that she might lighten her burden by telling her troubles. A moment later she began to pour forth her story.

"It is a love affair. I fell deeply in love with Algie, some four years ago and, now, I fear I am going to lose him."

I became intensely interested and begged Jennie to tell me the whole history of the affair. After some hesitation she continued—

"When I left the public school and came to the 'High,' I felt I was 'getting up in the world!' I thought I was old enough to fall in love—and I did. Algie caught my eye and heart, and I did—I fell in LOVE with Algie.

"We were the best of pals. I always walked with him to school, sometimes slow, and sometimes slower. I sat by him in class—and often when my work was wrong, I stayed with him at four. Then home we trod, tired, but not subdued. My mother often said, 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well.'

"Then came the summer and we parted for two long months. Just think! I did not see dear Algie in all that time. Did I think of him? You may well guess!

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## Linton's Bookstore

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"September came with its sunshine and joy. School opened and in flocked the boys and girls, happy to be back. Algie? Yes, he was there—and so was I. This second year was better than the first, but the end was worse. Algie left, not for two months, but for a whole year.

"My third year passed off quietly. Probably I worked a little harder than I had done before and was rewarded by an honour standing. This, however, did not satisfy my longing for Algie. But there remained only two months between happiness and me.

"The fourth year, as would be expected, meant joy indescribable for Algie was back and we spent much time together. Miss McKellar seemed to take an interest in my affairs. She never seemed to tire of praising Algie in my presence. She said she did not blame me for falling in love with such a charmer, and I really believe she almost did herself."

This was too much for my curiosity, so I asked, "Who is this friend of yours? Who is this Algie? I should like to meet him.

"Oh, don't you know? It is Alge Bra."

Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch shorter;

The skirts are the same of mother and daughter.

When the wind blows, each one of them shows

Half an inch, half an inch more than she oughter.

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**ICE CREAM**  
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**EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE**  
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A servant girl was one day sweeping out a gentleman's room, when she found a penny on the carpet, which she carried to her master.

"You may keep it for your honesty," he said.

A short time after, he lost his gold pencil and enquired of the girl if she had seen it.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And what did you do with it?" he asked.

"I kept it for my honesty," answered the girl.

\* \* \* \*

A dame I would like  
 To put out of biz,  
 The one who 'phones:  
 "Guess who this is?"

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Brecken (at the wheel)—"Do you know, I have a new theory about tires."

Miss Clark—"Good Heavens! What was that noise?"

Mr. Brecken (sadly)—"Only another theory exploded."

*Rah! - Rah! - Rah!*

*CRESCENT HEIGHTS HIGH*

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W. H. WATSON

The farmer sat up in bed with a start. He had heard a noise in the poultry house. Pulling on an old coat and arming himself with a revolver, he made his way to the scene of the trouble.

"Who's there?" he called.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" he cried again.

No answer.

"Alright!" said the farmer. "I'll give you one more chance! Who's there—before I shoot?"

Then came a shaky voice, "Nobody—only just us'ens."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Jones—"What are you thrashing Tom for?"

Mr. Styles—"He will get his report tomorrow and I must go away tonight."

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Gilbert—"Sterling is getting on well at school. He learns French and Algebra."

"Now Sterling, say hello to the lady in Algebra."



# Learn to Use a Typewriter



Can be had in many different keyboards and practically any language.  
Can be had in several different styles of type.

Every student should know how to use a typewriter. Whether taking a commercial course, or college entrance subjects, this knowledge will always be found useful. Home practice means better speed and just that many steps nearer a paying position. And if headed for college remember professors do not like to read handwriting any more. They give you better marks if your notes and reports are typed.

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